

# THE **Tatler**

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Travel Number: Bali-the dancing island







THE  
8 JANUARY 1964 / 25 60 WEEKLY

# Tatler

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EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER

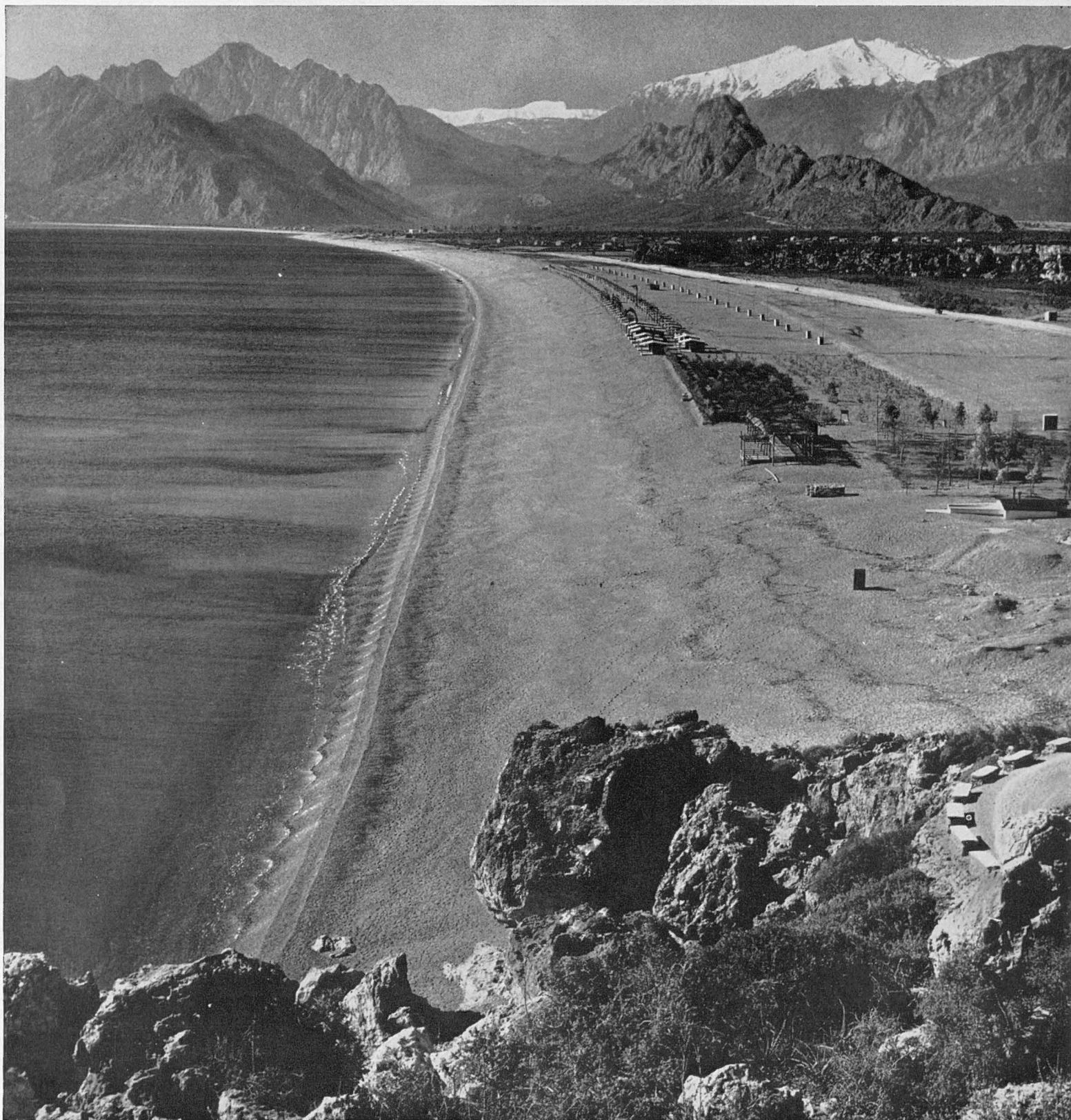
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The girls on the cover come from the faraway island of Bali. Romano Cagnoni photographed them there in a colour sequence continued on page 74 under the title *The dancing island*. More travel news in this issue includes an at-a-glance chart of desirable places devised by Doone Beal, lightweight luggage for the getaway listed by Elizabeth Williamson on page 85. Roger Lubbock has done some distant travelling, too, his reminiscences as a temporary V.I.P. in Rostov-on-Don appear on page 76. News, too, of the Captain's Cabin. Angela Ince fills in the details on page 72

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*Konyaalti Beach, two kilometres from Antalya on Turkey's Mediterranean Shore. Expect to find charming, low rental family beach houses and 300 days of sunshine every year.*

## Room for discovery...

You'll not be the first to see Turkey's magnificent mountains and deserts and lakes and seas. The Romans and Hittites were there before you. Alexander the Great could have shown you a picturesque spot or two. But discover you will: the potent blend of East and West; fried sturgeon washed down with breathless Raki\*; astonishingly low prices; exotic bazaars; modern hotels and mosques that glow brightly in the morning sun. You'll swim from yellow beaches, pick blackberries on the slopes of

Mount Olympus. And certainly the most wonderful discovery of all—you'll get to know the inheritors of this vivid and unspoilt land—the friendly, hospitable Turks.

*For fullest details on cost, climate, accommodation—the land, sea and air routes, contact:*

The Turkish Tourism Information Office, 49 Conduit St., London, W.1, or The Press Counsellor, 43 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

(a)

Turkey is far in the imagination—near in miles—less than 7 hours by air from London. Soon, plan a tour of discovery through the treasure house that is Turkey.

*\*Turkish National Drink*

**NOW IS THE TIME TO DISCOVER**

# TURKEY



# GOING PLACES



In next week's Tatler: Morris Newcombe photographs London horses; advance sample here is one of the two hundred of the Metropolitan Police, Mounted Branch, ridden by the station sergeant of the Whitehall Section

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Blue Bird party** for children, Hyde Park Hotel, 3-6 p.m., 9 January, in aid of the League of Pity. (Tickets, 17s. 6d., BEL 8271.)

**Candlelight Evening**, Hurlingham Club, with bistro food and steel band, 11 January. (REN 8411.)

**Feathers Club Dance** (10-17 yr. olds), Lyceum, Strand, 13 January. (Tickets, 30s., res. table £1, from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, FLA 3174; and Appeals Secretary, WES 3182, ext. 62.)

**Young People's Ball**, Quaglinos, 14 January, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. (Details, Mr. Cripps, Victory House, Leicester Sq., GER 2774.)

**World première of "Zulu,"** Plaza, 22 January, in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund, and the Benevolent Funds of the Regiments of Wales. (WHI 8944.)

**Hunt Balls: Oakley**, Corn Exchange, Bedford; **Hursley**, Norman Court, W. Tytherley, nr. Stockbridge; **Portman**, Bryanston School, Blandford, 10 January; **Cowdray**, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 17 January; **Fernie**, 25 January; **N. Warwickshire**, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon; **S. Notts**, R.A.F. Station, Newton, Notts, 31 January; **Royal Agricultural College Beagles**,

Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 5 February.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing:** Cheltenham, today & 9; Sandown Park, Haydock Park, 10, 11; Birmingham, 13, 14; Lingfield Park, 15, 16; Wincanton, 16 January.

## MOTORING

**Exeter Trial**, 10, 11 January.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., tonight, 13 January; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 11 January; *La Bayadère*, *The Two Pigeons*, 7.30 p.m., 15, 17 January. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Billy Budd*, 7.30 p.m., 9, 11, 14, 16 January; *Katerina Ismailova* (last perf.), 7 p.m., 10 January.

**Royal Festival Hall**. L.S.O., cond. Kertesz, 8 p.m., tonight; Philharmonia, cond. Malcolm (Bach concert), 8 p.m., 9 January; L.P.O., cond. Pritchard, 8 p.m., 10 January; Sergio Varella-Cid (piano), 8 p.m., 11 January; Peter Cooper (piano), 3 p.m., 12 January; Philharmonia, cond. Davis, 7.30 p.m., 12 January; Philharmonia, cond. Pope, 8 p.m., 13 January; Melos Ensemble, 8 p.m., 14 January. (wat 3191.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Love of*



*Three Oranges*, 7.30 p.m., 8, 10, 15 January; *Carmen*, 7 p.m., 9 January; *Hansel & Gretel*, 2 p.m., 11 January; *La Belle Helene*, 7.30 p.m., 11, 14 January. (TER 1672/3.)

**Bishopsgate Institute**. Sarah Francis (oboe), Michael Gough Matthews (piano), 1.5-1.50 p.m., 14 January.

**Victoria & Albert Museum**. Philomusica, cond. Malcolm, 7.30 p.m., 12 January.

## ART

**Goya & His Times**, R.A. Winter Exhibition, Burlington

House, Piccadilly, to March. **Goya etchings and lithographs**. British Museum, to 29 February.

**Contemporary Scottish Painting**, Commonwealth Institute, to 2 February.

**David Hockney**, Kasmin Gallery, to 11 January.

## EXHIBITIONS

**International Boat Show**, Earls Court, to 11 January.

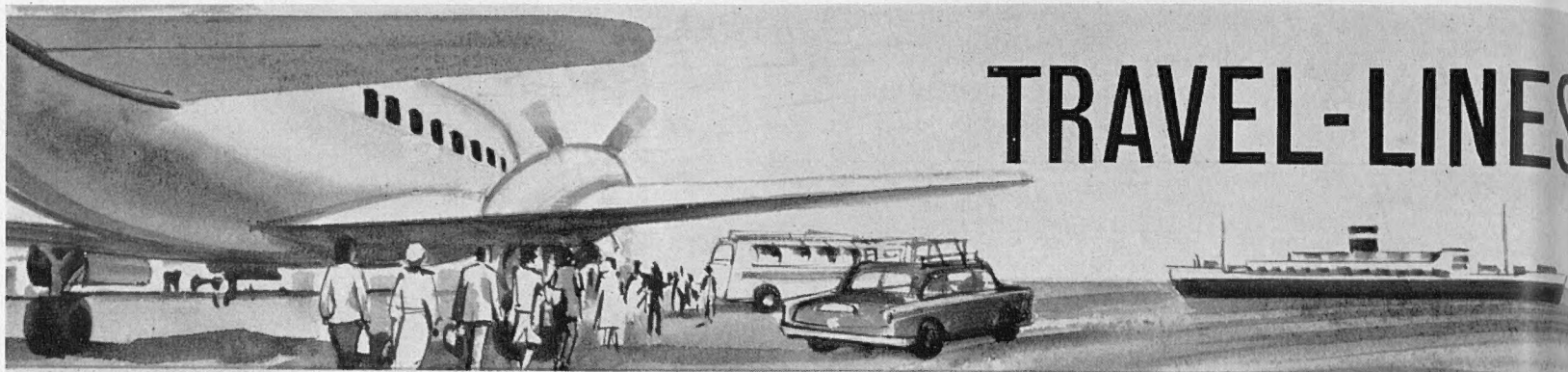
**Boys & Girls Exhibition**, Olympia, to 11 January.

**The World of Dolls**, 36 North Audley St., to 31 January.

## BRIGGS by Graham





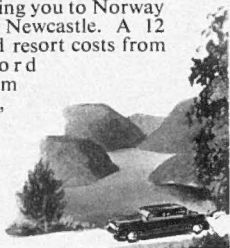


# TRAVEL-LINES



A hundred years of experience has gone into designing holidays for the individual by **Gellatly, Hankey**. They suggest 36 itineraries of the best to be found, and allow you to deviate from them. Greece is their forte, and they are the acknowledged experts here, producing vacation ideas that incorporate austere mountain beauty with fabled islands and ancient culture: all to crystallize in pensive moments of mid-day slumber on some exotic beach. From the traditional tavernas of Old Athens to such sophisticated nightspots as the Asteria at Glyphada, Greek entertainment is diverse and damaging: it often kills thoughts to venture elsewhere. Sicily now has come to Gellatly's intimate circle. For full details and brochures contact: **Gellatly, Hankey & Co. Ltd.**, 23 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. TRAFalgar 5161.

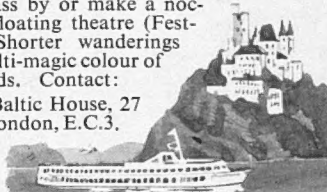
Tired of crowds, dusty air and sun sore eyes, then the **Fjord Country of Norway** is for you. It is uncommercialised and unspoilt having the most breathtaking scenery and blissful peace, all with a pleasant warm climate. The Norwegians—most of whom speak English—are generally pleased to welcome you to their lovely land. Your holiday begins immediately you step aboard one of the fast stabilised liners which bring you to Norway in less than 20 hours from Newcastle. A 12 days' holiday staying at a fjord resort costs from **£29.5** or touring by fjord steamer and coach from **£38.10**. If you take your car, the freight is from only **£10** return. Take the first step to a wonderful holiday now. See your Travel Agent or contact: **Norwegian National Tourist Office**, 20 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. TRA 6255 for free colour brochures.



Here is good news from **Union Castle**: between 12th March and 25th June, 1964. First Class return fares to South Africa will be reduced by **ONE THIRD**, enabling you to cruise to Cape Town and back by one of their magnificent weekly mailships for as little as **£209**—and to have, if you wish, up to 43 days ashore. Reduced return fares, both First and Tourist Class, will also be available by certain sailings to South Africa towards the end of 1964. Ask for a copy of their brochure "Cruising Holidays in the Sun" which gives full details, and also for their "African Sea Safaris" folder describing various inland tours in South Africa, Rhodesia and East Africa. Contact your Travel Agent or **Union-Castle**, Chief Passenger Office, Rotherwick House, 19/21 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel: Hyde Park 8400.



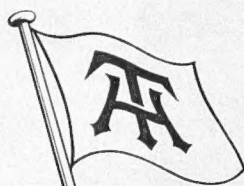
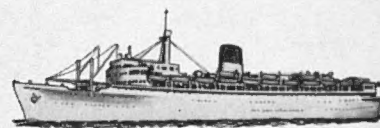
Tired of churning about Europe fighting the bustle? Then a **Cornelders "hotel" holiday** is the way to see Europe in perfect calm and comfort. First class travel throughout allow gentle meanderings along Europe's wonderful waterways of **Holland, Germany, France and Switzerland**. These comfortable boats form your floating hotel that allow uncluttered excursions at many varied points of charm and interest. All this is set in a fast disappearing old fashioned quality and Dutch savoir faire. It is all too easy to laze and watch the incredible Rhine splendour pass by or make a nocturnal visit to the floating theatre (Festspiele) at Pflaz. Shorter wanderings pass through the multi-magic colour of the Dutch Bulbfields. Contact: **Cornelders Travel**, Baltic House, 27 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. ROY 8641 for full details and 24 page booklet.



With **Erna Low's Island Holidays** you will find the complete change that you need from the wearisome daily rut. You will find tranquillity, beauty and peace, with wonderful sunshine, water sports and complete relaxation. Their special island recommendations include **Ponza, Corfu, Hvar, the Balearic Islands and Elba**, plus a number of gems hidden away in seclusion and therefore ideal for escapists and connoisseurs. For all plans regarding island holidays the only real specialists are **Erna Low**, so write or phone for full details: **Erna Low**, 47 (T), Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. Tel: KEN 0911, 8882 and 8881 (day and night).



Here with **Greek Line** are the sunshine holidays of your dreams. All-the-year-round cruises and extended holidays will be arranged for you to all sun spots on the Mediterranean. There are fine boats on which to exchange the winter cold for more halcyon days. If you want a longer holiday **Greek Line** will reserve accommodation at any port of call. The **Arkadia** and **Olympia** offer winter cruises to the West Indies, Miami, Bermuda, and the Black Sea. Every attention is paid to your personal comfort and enjoyment. For full details contact your travel agent or **Greek Line**, 2 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1. TRA 7211.



**Typaldos Lines** are the world's largest Mediterranean Cruise network. One can go to Greece, the Bible Lands or Turkey with the knowledge of being with the finest hospitality and service afloat. Incredibly there are 142 Aegean Island Cruises to choose from that begin with a weekend Cyclades Cruise from Piraeus and go on to seven days meandering through the islands to Istanbul. Their brochures contain tempters such as the **Egypt Cruises** which depart from Venice for Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut and other ports. Then there is an **African Cruise** that is highlighted by visits to Casablanca, Freetown and Santa Cruz. For all details and brochures contact your travel agent or **Typaldos Lines**, 62 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. Gerrard 3554.

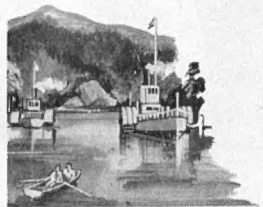


**Scandinavia**: the near sister countries of Norway, Sweden and Denmark offer rare holidays. They are unusual because of the countries very existence, set in the warm Gulf Stream's path. This is a holiday area of delightful contrasts. The scenic grandeur of the fjord and mountain region, bathed in the mystic light of the Midnight Sun, fairly stuns the visitor. Those who prefer a more mellow beauty will be delighted by the loveliness of the Lake District with its red cottages, white little churches, lush green meadows set in glittering blue lakes. Any conceivable form of outdoor activity may be enjoyed in **Scandinavia** and Scandinavian food is now becoming world famous. The Scandinavians hold the British in high esteem which always ensures a warm welcome. For free tour programme contact: **Swedish Travel Bureau**, 7-8 Conduit Street, London, W.1. Tel.: HYDe Pk 7411.

There is no other holiday that has the distinction of one in **Iceland**. Don't be misled by the name for once more the Gulf Stream donates its warmth. **Iceland** offers a connoisseur's holiday for all those who want more than to buy sunshine. Its culture stems from the nomadic Vikings and has given much to an often credulous world over many centuries. Physically it is harsh and awe-inspiring with towering geysers, bubbling hot springs or snow-capped volcanoes. From all engulfing glaciers beautiful rivers begin to carve impressive courses through black lava rock. Here then is a holiday that is truly one of the elite, for everything is so different from the general brashness of more southern points that we are left with a memory that will never fade. For full details contact your Travel Agent or **Iceland Tourist Office**, 161 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Tel.: HYDe Pk 7661.



A health-giving holiday in the French Alps at Lake Annecy—11 days 42 gns. or 15 days 51 gns. You have the choice of staying at the delightful Auberge du Lyonnais in the old quarter of Annecy or at the peaceful lakeside Hotel de l'Union at Duingt, in enchanting scenery. Travel is so simple by Comet or Caravelle jet service to Geneva and thence an hour by road. Both hotels offer exceptional standards of service and cuisine in an atmosphere of unspoilt charm. Full details of this and many other marvellous European holidays in "Holidays Abroad" available free from **Contours Ltd.**, 72 Newman Street, London, W.1. Tel. MUSeum 1802.



Here's a unique way to cruise through the Greek Islands. The **M.S. Jedinstvo** gives more to its passengers than air conditioned luxury living, for it allows them to stopover at any port of call for up to six weeks and for no extra charge. All you have to do is pick up the next cruise boat when it comes round, additionally, you can combine the Greek Islands cruise with the **Stella Maris** visit to Turkey thus combining two cruises in one! Both ships are large enough to be spacious but small enough to be intimate, in fact like a fine private yacht. The **Jedinstvo** sails weekly from Venice making major calls at Dubrovnik, Corfu and Rhodes. At Athens, you can join the **Stella Maris** which takes you to Crete, Rhodes, Istanbul, Mykonos and others. Excursions can be arranged for passengers on request along the route.

Contact your Travel Agent or: **Cornelders Travel**, Baltic House, 27 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. Tel. ROYal 8641.



## BULGARIA

In between Asia and Europe nestles **Bulgaria**, joining the two with an unbelievable variety for the traveller. Black Sea sands send golden sunbeams to azure skies, whilst from ancient Sofia rise soft blue mountains that are a fisherman's paradise. You can ski at Rhodope Mountain or recline in one of the mineral spas. Other imbibers will find satisfaction from the famed **Slivovitz** or any of the moorish Bulgarian national dishes. No matter where or when you go, Bulgaria offers more than dazzling sun alone. Contact your travel agent or **Balkantourist (Sofia)**, 17 Stratton St., London, W.1. Tel.: HYDe 5489 or 5480



# by John Grant



Everyone is advertising sun cruises. There are so many that pop out of the papers every day that you never remember whether it was Mombasa in January or Naples in November which attracted you. Cox and Kings have neatly solved all these troubles by sending you "Holidays on Ships" on application. Here we have everything from elegant hotel journeys for the cautious to round-the-world cargo carriers for the adventurous, calling at Chittagong, Tahiti and such like. Incidentally, Cox and Kings will handle everything from warehousing to buying a train ticket.

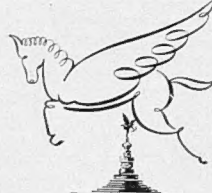
Write or phone: Cox & Kings (Agents) Ltd., 15 Charles II Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. WHI 3333

Yugoslavia, the latest of the Mediterranean set to make overtures as an international playground, is blessed with breathtaking mountains that send wooded slopes into the narcotic Mediterranean. Hiding in this countryside are picturesque towns with ancient architecture, possessing masterpieces of painting and sculpture. The human and physical attractions are united by a rich folklore that still enjoys its traditional position in life. Here we can ski in April and May in the highlands or partake in the thousand and one water pleasures of the coastline but no matter where we are the distinctive cuisine will soon capture our palate, as will the plum brandy and wines. There are stunning lake journeys to be found through this rich land, as well as majestic caves of stalactites and stalagmites at Postojnska and Prekonoska. Only by Yugoslav Airlines can you jet there direct from the U.K. in renowned Caravelles. For full flight details contact your Travel Agent or Yugoslav Airlines-J.A.T. 189 Regent Street, London, W.1. Tel: REGent 0320.



West/East African World Travel are London's gateway to Africa. These specialists cover the whole of Africa, but in particular Nigeria, Kenya, Tanganyika and Zanzibar, and offer world wide accommodation and car hire. Here are lands contrasting violently in physical nature and modern civilization where superb horsemanship of the Bornu people in Northern Nigeria vies with the luxurious hotel life set in palm-fringed lagoons of Jos and Kano. Kenya's fauna is second to none and the thrill of seeing it in the many game reserves will never be forgotten, along with the unending vistas of rare countryside. Farther east the island of Zanzibar radiates romance and mystery. The city itself hums underhand interests from twisting streets and ancient walls, whilst outside an exotic 'garden' bursts over the island. For all details contact: West/East African World Travel Ltd., 8 Spring Gardens, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. WHI 2795.

Parking—Frustrated Hell! It's very nearly true. Every time we go to a theatre, dinner or party one of us is sacrificed to the non-merry merry-go-round of searching for that elusive space. Of course, this can all be solved so easily by V.I.P. Car Hire Service who have a fleet of chauffeur driven Austin Princesses and saloon cars at your command. No matter whether it is a desperate late night call or one planned weeks in advance, the service and punctuality is the same. Excellent. No parking tantrums from the driver to mar your evening. No worries about will we won't we arrive there in time. Phone or call V.I.P. Car Hire Service, 8 Spring Gardens, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. WHI 2795/6 or night PRO 1466.

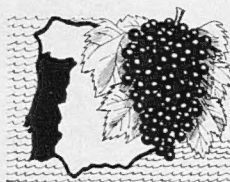


Tulip Time. Pegasus Holidays specialize in making us forget those winter months as quickly as possible by running a series of one or two-day tours to the stunning Dutch bulb fields and Keukenhof Gardens. Starting from early April, they continue to mid-May. Springtime in Holland will change even the most cynical eyes, with its incredible panoramas of varying colours. Whilst at the Keukenhof Park some 60 acres of gardens and lakes form a horticulturist's haven. This warm agency also has a specialized knowledge of Egypt and Greece. Here we zip by Comet to Cairo to begin 14 days (145 gns.) touring on the grand scale. Nearer home one can combine culture with sun and sea in 15 days Greek adventure (from 89 gns.). Finally a thorough service includes Italy, Spain and Majorca. Contact: Pegasus Holidays Ltd., Morley House, 320 Regent Street, London, W.1. MUS 8171.

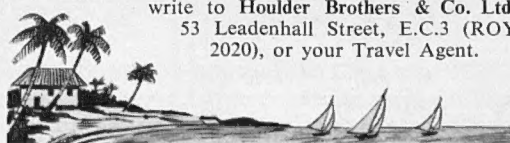
With Tropicair and 20th Century Tours & Cruises I don't know whether to write about the holidays offered or the brochure itself for they are such enticing and attractive affairs that they represent a tonic in themselves! They glutton themselves on colour plates that demand little from one's imagination, and leaves one weakly to fill in the simple booking form. Here are winter sunshine holidays, cruises and summer travels, that cover every pocket from economical flips to Gibraltar to almost vulgar peregrinations in the Far East. If you want to go somewhere and don't know where to go, one glance at these aristocrats of all brochures will solve all these problems. For further details and brochures contact: Exchange Travel Agency Ltd., 23/24 The Royal Exchange, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.3. MIN 1277.



Lairdways take much pride in their intimate knowledge of Portugal, especially the Algarve Coast and Sunny Coast where you can winter or summer holiday with equal joy. Here we have seas that are unsurpassable for their clarity and beaches that vary from tiny alcoves of charm to vast golden bays like that of Lagos (ALGARVE). From the beaches rise diverse rock formations to add yet another thrilling beauty to the many. Estoril has long made its mark with the knowledgeable, with its casino, golf course, hotels and restaurants, whilst adjacent Cascais offers a traditional fishing village atmosphere with sandy beaches and very fine yachting facilities. 15 days holiday by Air via Lisbon, cost from £76.14 in winter and £66.8 in summer. There is also a "Pousadas" Tour of Portugal by private car. For all brochures and information contact: Lairdways Ltd., 198-199 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. BEL 6361.



Think of any part of the Caribbean! Independent people like independent holidays and Houlder Bros. offer two weeks' sunshine from 161 gns., with you choosing departure date, hotel and mode: B.O.A.C. speed or Cunard opulence. 9 days' Middle East intrigue in Lebanon for 114 gns. makes one greedy for longer spells in the Holy Land, or a 16-day tour with a Nile Cruise to Abu Simbel 218 gns. Tenacious winter tantrums are soon lost in African tours by car that leads a 17-day East African holiday into a 25-day Grand African Tour at 442 gns. For full colour brochure and further details, write to Houlder Brothers & Co. Ltd., 53 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 (ROY 2020), or your Travel Agent.



Swans offer more than 6,000 holidays in 40 countries—holidays by rail, scheduled air and Special Swanwing Air Services all at prices you can afford. Look at the cost of these 15-day "Swan Wing" Air Holidays: Austrian Tyrol £29 11s., Costa Brava £41 5s., Switzerland £42 2s., French Riviera £42 7s. 6d., Italian Riviera £42 10s. 6d., Palma £47 3s. 6d., Italian Lakes £47 6s. 6d., Rumania £74 8s. You can have 16 days to Barcelona for £41 0s. 6d. or to the Italian Adriatic for £43 3s. 6d. For our 116-page illustrated brochure "Suggestions for Your Holidays 1964" giving full details of these and other Continental Holidays contact Swans, 260-261, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. Telephone:—Museum 8070 or local Swans' Agents.



It seems silly to search the world for those exciting habitats and game lands when Finland is so near. There is a rich past from which stems some of the finest contemporary designs and architecture to be found. A land of contrast between unspoiled landscapes and modern townships nestling in the lake and forest scene. It is a waterman's paradise, of glistening, tree-lined lakes that move northward to the rugged areas of Lapland where salmon, sea-trout and grayling abound. In Autumn the hunter finds fox, hare and moose, whilst for the ambitious prowler bear and wolverine. A crayfish party should not be missed, nor the Arctic bramble berry liqueur 'Mesimarja.' In Finland I feel there are too many things to do! For full details contact your travel agent or: Finnish Travel Information Centre 56 Haymarket, S.W.1. TRA 4048

Why not fly to New York "by way of India" in under 8 hours! For in India you are, the instant you board your New York-bound Air-India jet at London Airport. The cabin décor of your Boeing 707 is unmistakably Indian. So, of course, are the hostesses in their colourful saris. You can even have Indian dishes. And you enjoy the company of fellow passengers from the four corners of the Earth. By the way, Air-India are justly proud of their record of reliability and punctuality. It's one of the finest. They're one of the very few airlines with over 30 years of flying experience, and they were first with an all-jet fleet. Air-India will fly you also to the Far East or Australia, to 26 cities in five continents. So travel on the Maharajah Service to New York.

## AIR-INDIA

17/18 New Bond Street, London W.1. Hyde Park 8100. And at Birmingham, Cardiff, Glasgow, Leeds and Manchester.



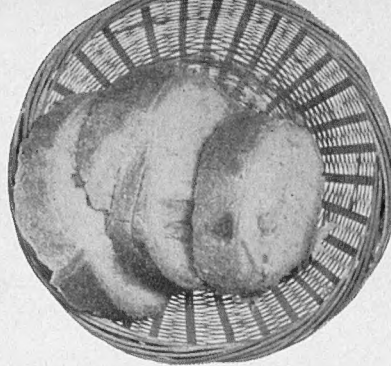
Belgium plucks a sample from every Continental Holiday and unites them in its varied land to allow children to build dream castles on safe sandy shores and parents to dream of golden castles in gay casinos or superb restaurants matured from centuries of experiment. There are the rural riverside resorts of the Ardennes that give fishing, water-skiing and boating plus sophisticated night life. History vies with the 20th century for our interest as cable cars beckon us to take an aerial tour of the ancient citadel of Namur, or in Bruges where a day's sightseeing might last a week. Because of its compactness Belgium makes holidaying simple; if one spot fails to hold your interest then the adjacent one will. Brussels, the capital, with many other towns boasts shops and art centres that are near impossible to better. For Brochure contact your Travel Agent or Belgium National Tourist Office, 66, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.



JOHN BAKER WHITE

## GOING PLACES

THE STANDARD-SETTER.



## TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table **Savoy** restaurant (TEM 4343). C.S. Dancing and cabaret. Here I ate one of the outstanding dinners, perhaps the best, of 1963, with wines of matching quality. Admittedly it had been ordered in advance by our host, a chef and restaurateur of distinction, but I am sure that the same trouble would have been taken for anyone else. This is because in a changing world the Savoy is one of the internationally famous hotels that maintains the highest of standards, from the tiny *vol-au-vents* filled with caviare that grace the *sole bonne femme*, and peaches of top quality in December, to the flower decor in the foyer and the smooth changeover of its admirable dance bands. It is, of course, expensive, but an evening at the Savoy in the company of good friends is something to be remembered. W.B.

**Manzi's**, 1 Leicester Street, Leicester Square. (GER 4864.) Ground floor open 12 noon to midnight and Sundays 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Cabin Room 12 noon to 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 11.45 p.m. This cheerful, bustling restaurant opened in 1928 and maintains the same high standard today. Do not expect frills and fancy decor, just good service and some of the best fish cooking in London. One well-known hotelier thinks that it is unbeatable. Certainly its fish soup is outstanding and I do not know of better fried skate anywhere. There is a useful wine list, and by the glass at 2s. 6d. You can have a grill if you want it, but Manzi's is essentially for fish. If you are in a hurry there are seats at the bar. The main course is about 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. and the fish soup, a fine winter warmer, 5s. W.B.

Midlands phoenix

The new **Albany Hotel** and restaurant (Midland 8171) in Smallbrook Street, just out of the Bull Ring, are symbolic of the new Birmingham. From the cleared spaces, and the grimy red brick streets that in their time were symbolic of Victorian growth, a new city is

rising. This hotel is completely modern, down to the self-opening doors, but it is also comfortable. The restaurant is clean-cut, spacious, with a touch of luxury. The menu is based upon a number of specialities, out of which I can praise the Scotch beef and *scampi en brochette*. I have no doubt that the others are equally good. If you allow 12s. 6d. for your main course you will not be far out. The wine list is based upon the Lyons cellars, and I need say no more. Service is friendly and smiling. Close relatives who have stayed in the hotel give it full marks. Every one of the 250 rooms has a private bath, radio and television. A single room is 3 gns. per night, twin-bedded £5 10s., both including Continental breakfast. There is an underground garage nearby, with subway to the hotel. Restaurant open on Sundays, and it is wise to book always.

Wine notes

Recently, with suitable ceremony, the South African Ambassador skilfully tapped a barrel of South African sherry at the entrance to the ballroom at Quaglino's. The occasion,

arranged by Rawlings & Sons (London), was to mark the first year in which over 2,000,000 gallons of this sherry have been sold in Britain. That is a fact that speaks eloquently for itself. Before luncheon I drank an extra dry sherry RSL 46, shipped by Rawlings. I enjoyed both the wines served with the meal, the white K.W.V. Steen and the red Roodeberg. As they cost respectively 9s. 6d. and 8s. 3d. per bottle I shall certainly drink them again. The white comes from Brown, Gore & Welch, the red from the South African Wine Farmers' Association. I must, as a beef producer, congratulate Quaglino's on the superb quality of their *filet de boeuf Wellington*.

Enterprising cooks are making more and more use of liqueurs in the preparation of their very special dishes. This is sound, for many of them are based upon fruits, for example oranges, apricots, blackberries and cherries. Emil Ackerman, head chef of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, uses Bols Curaçao Triple Sec in his dish *Sole Fillets Véronique* while the head chef of the Kursaal, Ostend, flames calf kidneys in very old Genever gin. These

and other recipes suitable for home cooking, are to be found in a well-produced booklet *Collection Lucas Bols*. It can be obtained from Brown, Gore & Welch Ltd., 2 Seething Lane, London, E.C.3. I found that a touch of their apricot brandy in a fruit salad of diced melon, strawberries and raspberries, added to its attraction.

. . . and a reminder

**Ristorante Campana**, 31, Marylebone High Street. (WEL 9334.) *Good Italian cooking and a pleasant atmosphere.*

**Don Luigi**, 33c King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3023.) *An attractive trattoria with good cooking at reasonable prices.*

**Beotys**, 79 St. Martin's Lane. (TEM 8768.) *Greek, French and Italian cooking, and not expensive for good quality.*

**Old Kentucky Pancake Kitchen**, Irving Street, Leicester Square. *Its name explains its purpose—egg dishes in various forms.*

**La Bohème**, 65 King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3553.) *Intimate, elegant, with specialized international cooking and a wine list of notable quality. "Confort Cossu."*

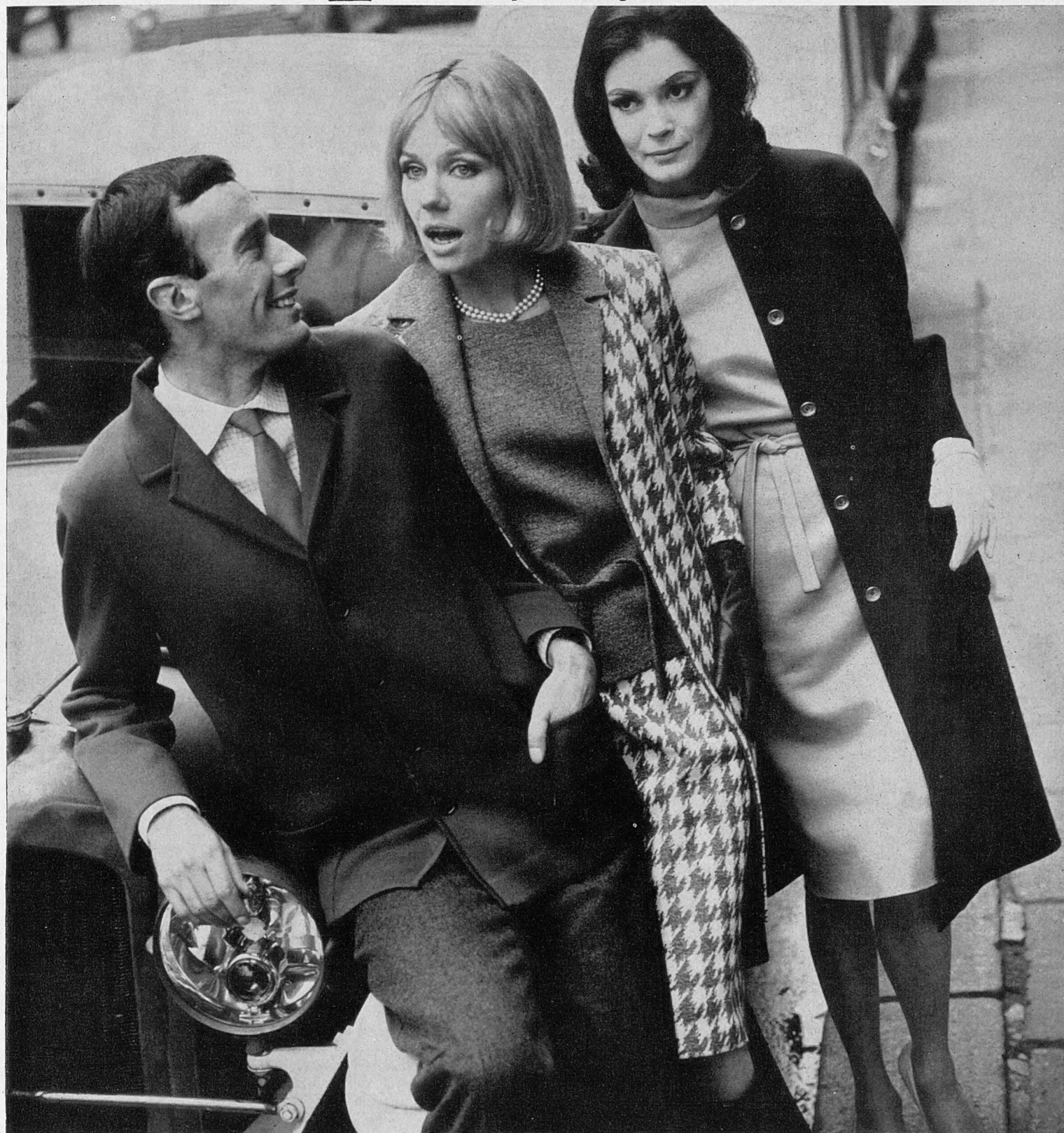


Katherine Blake and Leila Goldoni star in *The Rose Tattoo*, the first of three plays by Tennessee Williams to be televised by Granada this month. Mr. Williams is over here to supervise the productions himself. They begin on Monday, and later come *The Glass Menagerie* and *the difficult Camino Real*



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# TULIPS IN AMSTERDAM— PARIS IN THE SPRING

BY JOHN  
BAKER WHITE

Because of school holidays, staff arrangements and other reasons, more and more people try to take a short spring holiday. One of the places well worth considering is Holland, using Amsterdam as a centre. The ideal time to go is in the first or second week in May when the tulips round Hillegom and Haarlem are at their best. These towns are within easy reach of Amsterdam, as is indeed all Holland, because of the splendid system of motor roads. Crossing on the early service from Ferryfield to Ostend, the fast driver can get to the Mirabelle, a pleasant roadhouse just south of Breda, in time for luncheon. For the more leisurely there is Reinhert in Belgium, on the outskirts of St. Niklaas Wass, south of Antwerp.

Amsterdam is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and like Venice, best seen from one of the canal launches which take one on conducted tours, including the harbour and shipyards. It has a lively night life, but it is best to seek advice from the hotel about which are currently the best places.

Amsterdam has a number of first-class restaurants. The **Five Flies** is as much part of the city as Wivex is of Copenhagen, and should not be missed. **Bali** is some of the best value for money in Europe, and **De Groene Lanteerne** the narrowest eating place. **Port Van Cleve** is a popular business restaurant, and the **Hotel Doelen** a place for good food in delightful surroundings.

At the Rijksmuseum one can have the enormously satisfying experience of seeing the originals of pictures one has known all one's life, but the Mauritshuis at the Hague and the lovely Franz Hals Museum at Haarlem should not be missed. Indeed, part of the fun of a holiday in Holland is motoring out to these and other places, not forgetting that gardeners' paradise, Keukenhof, near

Lisse—but go early and allow at least three hours. Close by at Hillegom is a first-class restaurant, the **Treslong**, noted for fish. The Hague, which the Dutch call quite inaccurately "the largest village in Europe," merits a day, with a leisurely, if expensive, meal at the **House of Lords**, one of Europe's great restaurants. If you like Indonesian food, **Tampat Senang** at 6 Laan V Meerdervoort, and **Menankabaw**—a fine Indonesian building—are first-class. The **Ritz** near the Parliament building has a comfortable bar.

Delft is another lovely city, best seen early in the day before it becomes crowded. The place to eat here is the **Prinsen Kelder**, in an old crypt. Leyden, the university city, is also a gem, with fine botanical gardens and the restaurant **Nieuw Minerva** in the Vrouwesteeg. "New" is a little misleading as it has been there since 1600. A visit to the Airborne Regiment Cemetery at Ousterbeek, where every grave is tended by a Dutch child, is a moving experience. One can eat simply but well at the **Harmonie** in the main square at Arnhem. If you are fascinated by ships, spend your last night in Holland at the **Delta Hotel** at Vlaardingen, built on the wall of the sea channel between Rotterdam and the Hook. The great ships pass by within a stone's throw of the windows, and at night the refineries are a blaze of light. The rooms are comfortable and the food first class.

There is no need for me to sing the praises of Paris in the spring. Prices go on rising in the restaurants but the *quais* and the Bois are still free. More public buildings have been cleaned and their glory restored: Nôtre-Dame is still lovely in the blue dusk seen from the left bank, and the Rue Tronchet a slice of pretty raw nature. I do not believe that there is much fun in trying to eat and drink on the cheap in Paris. You eat as much vegetable as in a Chinese restaurant and drink inferior Algerian wine. It is better to make up your mind it will be expensive, but, if you choose wisely, highly enjoyable.

If you are not wanting highly specialized cooking, **Queenie**, Place Madeleine, where they will serve you a drink, a sandwich or a six-course meal, remains jolly good value for money and full of life. Of the night places **Mère Catherine**, 6 Rue Norvins, in the heart of Montmartre, is traditional, cheerful and not expensive. The **Lido** remains the world's

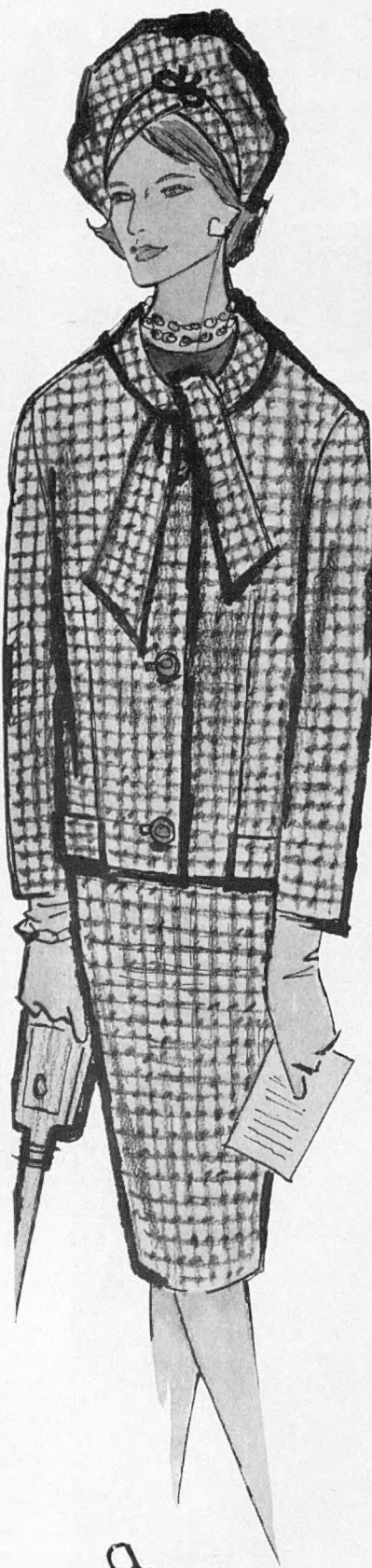
best cabaret show, but the price is high. A discerning friend has praised the **Moulin Rouge** as good value in every way.

As elsewhere, Paris restaurants vary from year to year. **Grand Veneur**, 6 Rue P-Demours, past the Arc de Triomphe, is at the top of its form now. **Allard**, 41 Rue St. André des Arts, in the Quartier-Latin, is still outstanding. With both these restaurants it is wise to book 48 hours ahead and not worry about the cost.

One of my favourites, small and splendid for its *terrine* and *marc*, is **Chez Pauline**, five minutes walk from the Opera in the Rue Villedo. Here you cannot go wrong with the *quenelles de brochet Nantua* or the *coq au vin de Morgon*. Another is over the best cheese shop in all Paris, **Androuet**, in the Rue Amsterdam, which runs up the side of the Gare St. Lazare. You can have all sorts of dishes made with cheese, including *fondue*, or a platter of some 30 cheeses with bread and Beaujolais.

**Drouant**, in the Place Gailon, near the Opera, is expensive, but among the best ten restaurants in Paris. The *pâté de becasse en crouste* is something very special indeed. You will find amusing company at **Anne de Beaujeu** in the Avenue F.D. Roosevelt and leading politicians and writers in the **Brasserie Lipp** in the Boul' St. Germain. It has Alsatian cooking and the best beer in Paris. It surprises many people to discover that the restaurant in the Gare de l'Est—**Relais Paris-Est**—is among the best in Paris, with two rosettes in the 1963 Michelin. I have known for many years and found consistently good **Le Relais de la Butte** at the top of the Rue Ravignan in Montmartre.

Paris, of course, offers a wide field for the adventurous diner out, content to choose restaurants for himself by instinct and sense of smell. But for those who are prepared to spend the money and have not been to them before, **Grand Véfour** and **Laperouse** are an experience not to be missed or forgotten. I have a standing quarrel with both—at Laperouse because they insist on serving the finest clarets and burgundies at cellar temperature, and at Grand Véfour because I am too old to be lectured, even in the nicest possible way, on which wine I should drink with which dish. But I would not dream of going to Paris without having a meal in one of them, and if possible, in both.



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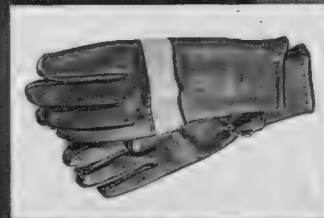
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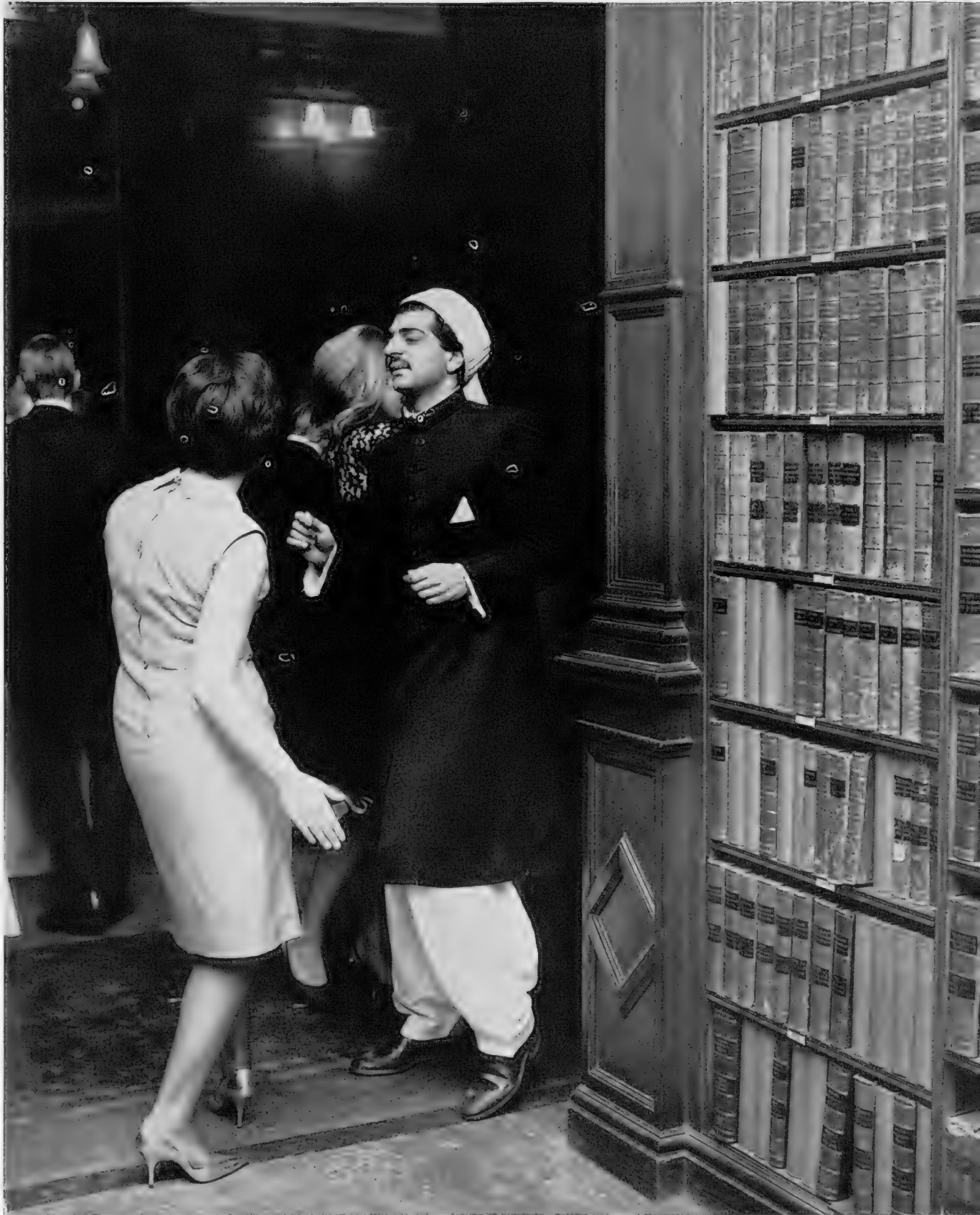
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8 JANUARY  
1964



## The Oxford Twist

The girls had a special reason for enjoying themselves at the Oxford Union Ball, because 1963 was the first year in which women were allowed to become members of the Union and speak in debates. The ball catered for more than 400 guests, among them Mr. Tariq Ali, dancing here with Miss Mary Kaldoz. Before coming to Oxford, Mr. Ali was vice-president of the Young Speakers' Union at the Government College, Lahore. As for the first girl who became a Union member, Miss Judith Okely of St. Hilda's, she wore a rose in her hair and did an academic twist as shown overleaf in more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



# The Oxford Twist continued

1 Mr. Anthony Hart, President of the Oxford Union, Mr. Oliver Weaver President of the Cambridge Union, and Miss Julia MacClymont

2 Miss Judith Okely of St. Hilda's, the first woman to become a member of the Oxford Union, and Mr. Gareth Stedman-Jones of Lincoln College

3 Mr. Peter Lloyd-Davies of Oriel, Miss Barbara Hopkins, Miss Ivono Stanley and Mr. G. Ransome, also of Oriel

4 Mr. Eric Finlayson, Miss Denise Wardell, Miss Sandra Maxwell and Mr. Roger Wardell of St. Edmund Hall, a boxing blue

5 Miss Nike Kent Taylor and Mr. Michael Beloff of Magdalen, an ex-President of the Union

6 Mr. Jonathan Aitken, son of Sir William Aitken, M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, and the Hon. Joanna Hare, one of the two women committee members of the Union, and daughter of Viscount Blakenham, chairman of the Conservative party

7 Miss Jane Smith and Mr. Garth Pratt of Corpus Christi, President-elect of the Union

8 Mr. Roderick Floud of Wadham, a member of the Union Committee, and Miss Cynthia Smith of Somerville, one of the two women on the Committee

9 Mr. John McDonnell of Balliol, senior ex-President of the Union

10 Mr. Charles Runge of Christ Church, son of Mr. Peter and the Hon. Mrs. Runge, and Miss Harriet Bradshaw



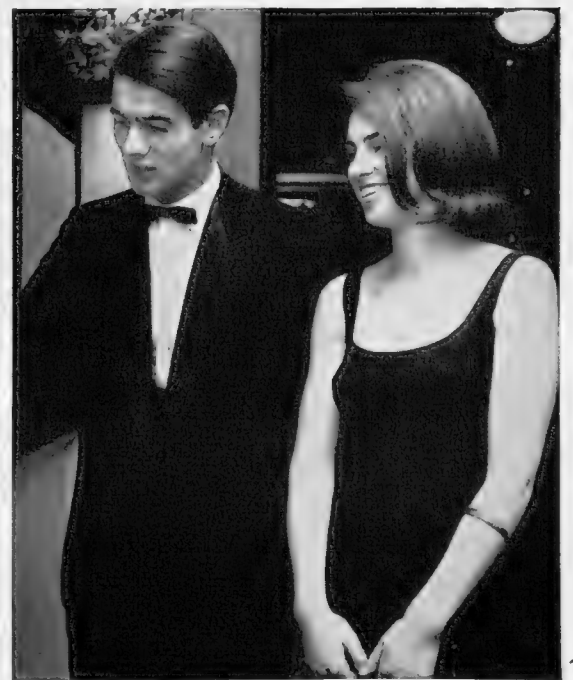




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# New season's Circus

Bertram Mills Circus opened at Olympia with the traditional luncheon followed, next evening, by a Royal Performance attended by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in aid of the Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund

1 H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Duke of Beaufort

2 Captain Ronnie Wallace, joint-Master of the Heythrop Hunt

3 Coco the clown and Colonel Mike Ansell of the British Horse Society

4 Lady Musker, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Bt., and Miss Anna Llewellyn, daughter of Colonel Harry Llewellyn

5 Lady Irene Astor and her son Philip

6 The Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney and Mr. Julian Amery, Minister of Aviation



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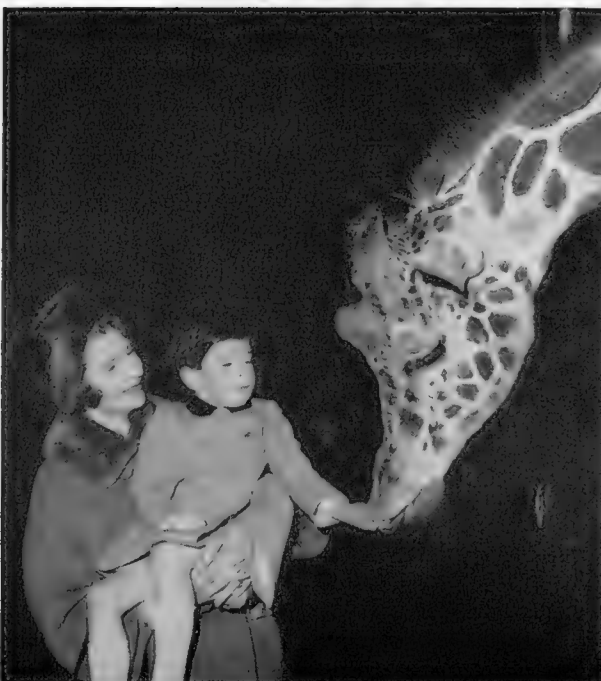
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PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



# Oxford lets its New Look hair down by Muriel Bowen



Social life at Oxford as well as elsewhere has adjusted itself to the domestic revolution. Entrance is more difficult. There are more boys and girls from grammar schools. Instead of smart cars given as 21st birthday presents they drive (or more often share) old battered cars which in the holidays take them halfway round the world. There are not so many smart tailors along the High Street any more. Most of those who go to the 25 men's colleges and five women's colleges often go to the multiple stores for their clothes.

There is a general opinion outside Oxford that the change has been profound. But that isn't quite so. It is 15 years since I first went to university and on this visit to Oxford—for the Oxford Union Ball—I was struck by how little undergraduates in general have changed. There are the same brilliant, analytical minds seemingly always at war with their warm irrational hearts.

## NO TIME FOR SOCIALS

The reason is that students are not so different to the rest of us; they are all civil servants, bankers, stockbrokers, scientists and businessmen in the making. I overheard a man who looked like an import from the Third Programme tell an interesting story over breakfast at the Mitre. It concerned an Oxford man who returned to his college and asked an old servant if the place had changed much for the worse. The answer came: "Well Sir, I think the dons are all right, the undergraduates are all right but I cannot say the same about the College servants."

It was years since the Oxford Union had a ball so it was an interesting occasion. Indeed it is not surprising that

the Union hasn't much time to be social; it is usually passing resolutions to the effect that it thinks there is little to be said for most of the things of which the country thinks highly. One of its more interesting and recent efforts was to decide by 428 votes to 139 that the House of Commons is in decline.

## POTENTIAL P.M.s BY THE DOZEN

Mr. JONATHAN AITKEN, the Treasurer, told me that the object of the ball was "to help raise money and prestige" for the Union. They also managed to have themselves a whale of a time. The basement of the Union premises was like something from the Arabian Nights, with dancing in a square cellar decorated with dark blue crêpe paper and lit by revolving ultra-violet rays.

"We have had it declared medically safe," said Mr. Aitken. "We have also been told that it will take two hours to get a suntan." Mr. Aitken, a grand-nephew of LORD BEAVERBROOK, and currently reading law, was one of innumerable young men about the place being pointed out to me as "future Prime Ministers."

Sitting out was on long benches covered with cushions, by the light of a few candles in what was called, "The Tunnel of Love." This had been largely reduced to its semi-seductive state by the President of the Union, Mr. Tony HART of New College. I had seen him a few hours earlier, before putting on his immaculate white tie and tails, busily sweeping the place out in a pair of jeans and gym shoes.

## THE SILENT MEMBERS

It was a biggish ball with dancing all over the place. One ballroom had been done from floor to ceiling in vivid scarlet and was lit by swirling lights. In the library there was dancing to Beatle-type music from Liverpool, of course.

I had an opportunity of meeting many of the girls from the women's colleges. Oxford women change for the better all the time. They're so pretty now and so feminine. Nobody thought it would be so when women first went to Oxford in their mannish suits and stiff collars. Now that they are admitted to the Union ("it seemed to everybody so stupid to bar them just because they were women") not many of them bother to speak, but they welcome their admission. "It is just knowing that we can belong if we want to," one of them said to me.

## ENGAGEMENTS ARE ANNOUNCED

Over dinner I chatted to the Hon. JOANNA HARE (Lady Margaret Hall) and Miss NIKE KENT TAYLOR (Somerville).

Both are reading politics, philosophy and economics, are soft-voiced, charming and have a large capacity for sympathetic listening. The night before they had been tellers at the Union debate, the first women ever to be asked to do so.

Undergraduates get engaged at Oxford more often than they used. Miss CYNTHIA SMITH (Somerville) another attractive girl, was being helped with her ball committee chores by another undergraduate, her fiancé. They are crêpe paper experts. "Well it was a case of doing something with the walls—they were abysmal stucco," said Miss Smith, shrugging off her skill.

## TWIST BUT NO WRENCH

I talked to Miss JUDITH OKELY (St. Hilda's) whose twisting the men decided was "very nearly virtuoso." She has recently been defeated in her efforts to become Chairman of the University Labour Party. "I'm not sorry really," she told me. "People on committees always become bureaucratic, also I think you get dull doing dogsbody work." Reappraising the future, Miss Okely wants to go into journalism, with hopes, one day, to write as well as Katherine Whitehorn.

## BEARDS, BEATLES AND BOMB

I met spell-binding GARTH PRATT who has since become President of the Union, pretty blonde JACKIE WICKS of St. Anne's who is reading French; CATHERINE SIMMONDS of Lady Margaret Hall; PETER SOMMER; MICHAEL BELOFF; and JOHN McDONNELL, whose floppy red hair fell into extraordinary shapes.

Beate-faced RICHARD KIRKWOOD, who came to Oxford from Bradford Grammar School, was overflowing with words to describe his pleasure that the Committee of the Union which takes over next term will have unilateralists holding six of its 10 positions. He himself is to be treasurer. But bearded RIP BULKELEY (Exeter) an ex-chairman of the University's C.N.D. told me that membership of that organization is slipping. "The young people coming up are not showing the same interest."

Students love questioning things. And why not? No one expects all the young to accept the universe as it is. In every generation Oxford life has seemed wrong to somebody, yet it has continued to flourish. That goes for the Union too. It is probably the best of its kind. It's exciting, it's fearless. TARIQ ALI, a Pakistan undergraduate, summed it up this way: "If you have debated anywhere else you realize at once that the heckling at Oxford is superior—you can still get manhandled at Lahore University."



# Like to ride a ferry? Yeah, yeah, yeah

The invitation itself was puzzling. "Come aboard the ferry boat" it said. But the party was to be held in the middle of Cheshire, at Moss Farm near Knutsford, the home of Mr. & Mrs. A. M. Burnett-Stuart. "Fancy pants not fine feathers" the card continued, so guests accordingly dressed down and when they arrived discovered that a complete ferry boat—with telegraph, deck cargo, winches and rigging—had been constructed in a marquee. Beyond the railings were murals of the Liverpool docks, which gave a clue to the predominant sound of the evening. The boat was called S.S. Fiona—because the party was given for the hosts' daughter Miss Fiona Burnett-Stuart

1 Miss Fiona Burnett-Stuart, for whom the dance was given  
 2 Mr. Stephen Ader and Miss Bambi Post  
 3 Mr. & Mrs. A. M. Burnett-Stuart, the hosts  
 4 Mrs. William Brownlow and Mr. Geoffrey Sparrow  
 5 Mrs. David Brown  
 6 Mr. Christopher Scholfield in an appropriate wig, and Miss Marion Merriman  
 7 Mrs. Geraldine Cussons  
 8 A general view of the ferry boat



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PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



## Letter from Scotland

Anne Redpath, one of Scotland's best-known artists, is now working on pictures for her exhibition which will open early in April at the Lefevre Gallery, London. She tells me she will be showing mostly pictures of Venice where she spent some time in 1962.

Now in her late 60s, and not always in good health, Miss Redpath is still working as hard as ever—and enjoying it all as much as ever. "It's marvellous, when you grow older, to have a job you like to do," she told me.

At the moment she has 10 pictures in the *Fourteen Scottish Artists* exhibition which opened just before Christmas at the Commonwealth Institute, London. Another Edinburgh artist exhibiting is Miss Elizabeth V. Blackadder who recently gained the Lily McDougall Award given by the Scottish Society of Women Artists for the best piece of work in their exhibition held in Edinburgh towards the end of the year. David Michie, Anne Redpath's youngest son, is also among the *Fourteen Scottish Artists*.

Miss Redpath tells me that since she is saving most of her new pictures for her own exhibition, she has had to borrow a number of paintings to make up her quota for the Commonwealth Institute. "I find people are more than delighted to lend," she told me. "It confirms their own taste in a way," she added humorously.

After her spring exhibition Miss Redpath hopes to go abroad for a while. It's a fairly safe bet that it will be somewhere sunny. "I lived in France for 15 years and then I used to get nostalgic for the grey skies of Scotland," she recalled. "Now I get nostalgic for the south."

### MUSIC AND ARCHITECTURE

Monteviot, the Border home of the Marquess & Marchioness of Lothian, recently joined the list of stately homes used as the setting for musical evenings. And highly successful this was. The Duchess of Sutherland organised it to help the funds of the Border Branch of the Victoria League of which she is chairman. Nicest touch of all, I thought, were three small, pyjama-clad figures—two young daughters and a son of Lord & Lady Lothian—peeping over the wrought-iron balustrade of the gallery that runs above the great hall. They secured an excellent view of the proceedings.

Much older hands at musical evenings are Mr. & Mrs. J. C. H. Dunlop of Stevenson House near Haddington, East Lothian. They've been giving a Christmas musical evening for 11 years and many people in the Lothians regard it as a permanent fixture in their festive celebrations. The lovely old house is admirably suited to this sort of thing. It has an elegant and beautifully proportioned drawing room, and the decorations on which Mrs. Dunlop works her own particular Christmas magic are the most beautiful

I have seen.

The concert follows a similar pattern each year. There's fairly highbrow music in the first half, carols in the second; and it all takes place under the flickering light of countless candles set around the room and on the magnificent Christmas tree. This year composer Miss Isobel Dunlop, who organises the concert, presented one of her own compositions—Psalm 120 for tenor and 'cello. After this evening which fortifies them with seasonal cheer—final glowing touch is hot punch served just before the guests depart—at least 75 Scots can merrily face the rest of the dark days after Christmas.

### WINTER WEDDING

Ancient Megginch Castle (some of it dates from 1575), looking austere but beautiful under floodlights, was a fairy-tale setting for its winter bride with the spring name—April, youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Drummond, of Megginch Castle, Errol, Perthshire, who was married just before Christmas to Mr. Quentin Agnew-Somerville, of Somerville, Navan, Co. Meath, Ireland.

Mr. Agnew-Somerville who, as well as managing his Irish estate, is an underwriter at Lloyd's, is the only son of Sir Peter Agnew, Bt., M.P., & Lady Agnew of Smith Square, London.

The wedding service, conducted by the Rev. Malcolm Wilson, a family friend, took place in the private chapel in the castle grounds. The wedding reception followed in the castle and then a few hours later an evening party—for which the bride and bridegroom returned—was held there too. They mingled with several hundred guests until late in the evening, and then left for their honeymoon abroad.

### DESIGNER BRIDE

The bride's dress was white wild silk and the wide sleeves were fur-trimmed—a charming touch for a winter wedding. Her diamond tiara, a family heirloom, was lent by her mother. Fur was again to the fore for the bridesmaids who carried white fur muffs. Their dresses were designed by the bride and re-affirmed her artistic talents. They were of emerald green velvet lightened with silver braid and silver lace. The small pages continued the green theme with their green velvet doublets—all worn with the kilt of the Drummond tartan.

The chief bridesmaid was Miss Sarah Peel, a niece of the bride. The other attendants—all children—were Charlotte Evans and Arabelle Currey (nieces of the bride), Fiona Dennis, the Hon. Kate Tyrell-Kenyon, the bride's god-daughter, Robert and Johnny Currey and Humphrey Evans, all nephews of the bride, and James Stourton.

The best man was Baron Michael Raben. J.P.





# Hunt in the misty hills

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt met at Bibury, Gloucestershire. A heavy mist shrouded the Cotswolds and there was a brisk frost. But the hostess, Mrs. A. G. Martyr, at whose home Ablington Manor, the hunt met, handed round a pleasing stirrup cup and a field of more than 50 enjoyed a splendid day's sport



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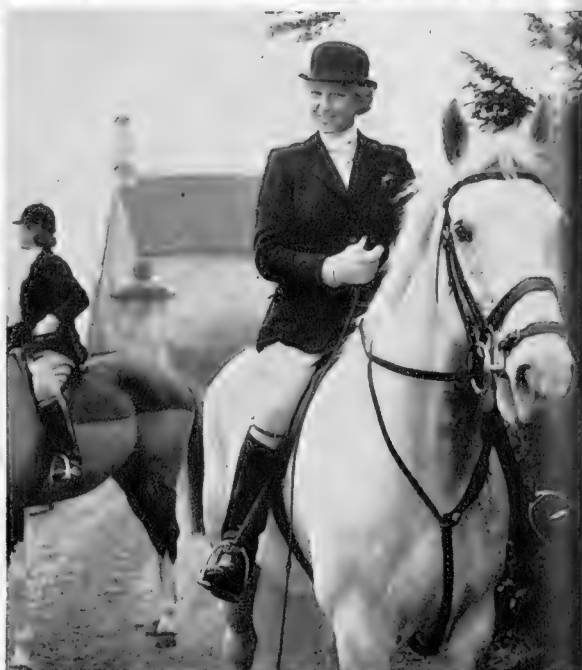
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN





# steering by the stars

**Doone Beal introduces on this page and presents overleaf two at-a-glance charts for travellers, listing resorts and cities starred for merits of climate, amenity and accessibility.**

Sir Winston Churchill once said that there are lies, damned lies and statistics; certainly almost anything can be proved by figures, especially when they are self-compiled. Which leads me on to warn that the basis on which I have starred the cities and resorts in the charts overleaf is both arbitrary and unscientific. The opinions expressed are based on my experience and are therefore entirely personal, but I hope they will also be considered to be fair. For example: the prices, denoted in the first column by a £ sign, are based on the cost of a reasonable first-class hotel—not a luxury one. They do encompass also the general cost of living: taxis, drinks, restaurant prices and so on. Some resorts that appear to score poorly—the Bulgarian coast, the Dalmatian islands and Mykonos—compensate with a high rating for their beaches and natural beauty. Stars for climate are related to the general good temper of the weather and the proportion of sunshine, but this must also be compared with the months listed in the final column. For beaches, read also swimming, some of the best of which is off the rocks, and, indeed, in the height of summer, in the fresh water of the Italian lakes. Lastly, the airlines and air fares: these can vary enormously according to the time of day and the season of the year. I have listed the minimum fares, based on 23- and 28-day excursions, mid-week and often by night. The "cheapest" season is from April to June, and there is sometimes, though not always, a rise of a few pounds for the high season of late June to September. Lacking space to list every airline on every route, I have given the main ones running the most frequent and regular flights.





STARRED RESORTS	Prices	Food	Night-life	Shopping	Swimming beaches	Sports & amenities on beach	Climate	Natural beauty	When to go	Air fares
Greece, Cyclades, Myconos, etc.	££	**	*	**	*****	*	*****	*****	May to Oct.	Athens/Corfu £76. (BEA/Olympic)
Greece: Corfu	£££	***	**	**	*****	**	***	*****	May to late Sept.	
Cyprus ..	££	*	*	**	**	*	*****	*****	Mar./July, late Sept./Nov.	BEA/Cyprus Airlines £85
Sardinia ..	£££	***	**	**	*****	**	***	*****	June/Oct.	Alghero, BEA £41 4s.
Capri ..	£££	***	***	*****	**	***	*****	*****	Mid-May/late Sept.	Naples, BEA/Alitalia £39 3s.
Corsica ..	£££	*****	*	*	***	**	*****	*****	Mid-May/late Sept.	Ajaccio, BEA/Air France £41 7s.
Yugoslavia: Dubrovnik and Islands	££	**	*	*	*****	**	*****	*****	Mid-May/late Sept.	Dubrovnik (KLM) £54 9s.
Malta ..	£££	*	**	***	***	***	*****	***	Mid-April/Nov.	BEA £38 4s.
Spain: Southern Coast	£££	**	***	***	**	***	*****	***	May/Nov.	Costa del Sol (Malaga) BEA/BUA £42 10s.
Morocco: West Coast ..	££££	*****	***	**	**	***	***	***	Feb./late June, Sept./Nov.	Casablanca, Air France: £49
Italy: Lakes	£££	***	**	*****	**	**	***	*****	May/early Oct.	Lakes: (Milan) £27 1s.
Italy: Naples and Amalfi ..	£££	***	***	*****	***	***	*****	*****	May/late Oct.	Amalfitan Peninsula (Naples) BEA/Alitalia £39 3s.
Sicily ..	££	**	*	**	***	**	*****	*****	Feb./mid-June, mid-Sept./Nov.	Palermo, Alitalia/BEA £43 16s.
Beirut ..	££££	***	*****	***	***	***	*****	*****	Early Mar./end June, mid-Sept./mid-Nov.	Middle East Airlines, BOAC, BEA, Pan American £96
Majorca ..	££	**	*****	*****	*****	***	*****	*****	April/July, mid-Sept./Nov.	Palma, BEA/BUA £32 10s.
Bulgaria: Black Sea	££	*	**	*	*****	***	*****	*****	May/end Oct.	Sofia (for Black Sea resorts): KLM, Austrian Airlines £89 6s.
France: Brittany ..	££££	*****	**	**	*****	***	**	*****	Mid-June/late Sept.	Brittany (Dinard) BEA, Eagle, £15 6s.
France: Côte D'Azur	£££££	*****	*****	*****	***	*****	***	*****	Feb/late Oct.	Côte D'Azur (Nice), Air France, BEA £29 10s.
France: South West	££££	*****	***	**	***	***	***	*****	May/Oct.	Côte Vermeille (Perpignan) Eagle: £27 11s.
Portugal: Algarve	£££	**	**	**	*****	***	*****	***	Feb./Nov.	Portugal, Algarve: via Gibraltar, BEA £34 4s., via Lisbon, BEA/TAP £39 17s.

\*\*Fares to the new airport at Faro not yet settled.

# steering by the stars

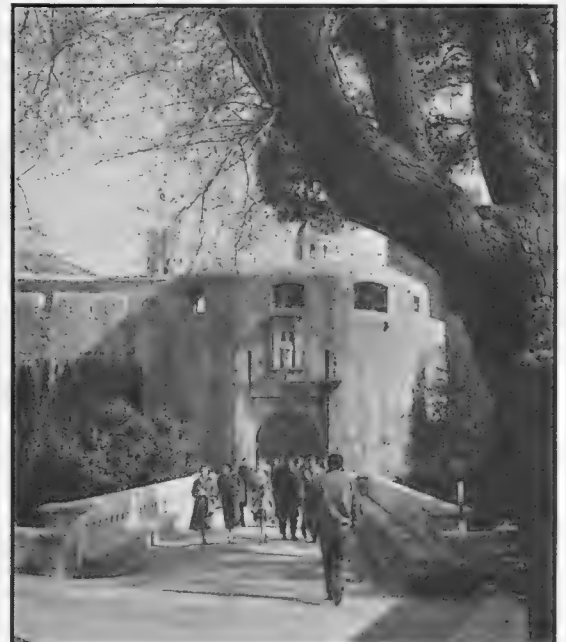




DESMOND O'NEILL



A. F. KERSTING



A. F. KERSTING

Framed in a setting of hills and villas, the beach and swimming pool at Monte Carlo

The great nave of the ornate cathedral at Monreale in Sicily  
*Top:* the broad dome and slender minarets of Istanbul's Blue Mosque. The city scores high for food, sight-seeing, shopping and nightlife. See Doone Beal's Starred Cities overleaf

The eastern entrance to the walled city of Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia



# steering by the stars

STARRED CITIES	Prices	Food	Sight-seeing	Shop-ping	Night-life	Enter-tainment	Air fares
Athens .. ..	££££	***	*****	***	**	**	BEA/Olympic £76
Amsterdam ..	££££	*****	***	*****	***	**	BEA/KLM £13 8s.
Brussels .. .	£££££	*****	**	***	**	**	BEA/Sabena £12 0s.
Bergen .. .	££	***	*	*	*	*	BEA/SAS £28 3s.
Cairo .. .	££	**	*****	***	***	*	United Arab Airlines, BOAC, BEA £99 15s.
Copenhagen ..	££££	***	*	**	***	***	BEA/SAS £30 18s.
Dublin .. .	££££	***	*	**	*	*	BEA/Aer Lingus £14 5s.
Berlin .. .	££££	*****	*****	***	*****	*****	BEA/Pan American £45 3s.
Florence .. .	££££	***	*****	*****	*	***	Eagle (Florence-Pisa) £38 5s.
Geneva .. .	£££££	***	*	*	***	**	BEA/Swissair/Middle East £21 11s.
Istanbul .. .	££	*****	*****	*****	***	*	Pan American/BEA/BOAC £118 6s.
Lisbon .. .	££££	***	*****	*****	***	**	BEA/TAP/BOAC £39 17s.
Madrid .. .	££££	***	*****	*****	***	**	BEA/Iberia £34 17s.
Munich .. .	£££££	***	*****	*	***	***	Lufthansa, Pan American BEA £27 6s.
Paris .. .	££££££	*****	*****	*****	*****	***	Air France, BEA £11 19s.
Rome .. .	£££££	***	*****	*****	***	***	BEA/Alitalia £36 5s.
Stockholm ..	££££	***	*	***	*	***	BEA/SAS £39 17s.
Venice .. .	££££	***	*****	***	***	***	BEA, Alitalia £29 19s.
Vienna .. .	£££££	***	*****	*	***	***	Pan American/BEA/Austrian Airlines £37 7s.
Seville .. .	££	**	***	***	***	***	BEA £34 4s.





# Sunday in SEVILLE



before and the new roast chicken shops help those who forgot. By three o'clock the shutters are closed. Blinds are hanging over the balconies. The streets are completely deserted.

The town comes slowly awake again between five and six. First the children, tired of being quiet, fall out into the street firing pistols and playing jacks with 10-peseta pieces. Then the old men tapping down to their café and finally the rest of the family. An hour ago the occasional woman scuttled from one door to the next, her hair in pins. But now she wears her best dress and glittering earrings. Beside her the man has put on his best and perhaps only suit. Some think it's smart to be as scruffy as possible on Sunday, but in Seville tradition dies slowly and shoes must be polished.

For over 5,000 people, six o'clock on Sunday means the bullfight. To fight at Seville is still the highest accolade for a torero and the town is pitiless when things are going wrong. Just before six the cafés on the Arenal are noisy and exciting. Boys defy death to sell every foreign car a ticket or a programme, the horses are standing outside the arena.

The big swimming pools are packed by 6.30 and some boys even start swimming in the river. The crowds have already left the beaches at Cadiz to go to some village church on the way back to Seville. In the last three years more people have been going to church in the evening and friends will meet there before going on to dinner. By seven o'clock the churches are full again. Either in Seville or in a village outside 8 out of 10 people will have been to church that day before dinner.

By eight o'clock you can't move down the grand vias. As the crowd leave the bullfight, many buy fried fish to take into the cafés. In spring and autumn, when the football and bullfight season overlap, the soccer matches often begin just after the *corrida*. These hours are the busiest of the day. The whole of Seville seems to be taking its *paseo*. The streets are crowded. The horses trot across the cathedral square, the mules from the bullfight are driven along the river bank. The cars start arriving back from the beaches. And everywhere the plants are watered.

But even Spaniards get hungry. Between 10 and 11 the streets slowly empty. The supper parties begin in the houses. The restaurants fill up. Just as suddenly as it awoke, so now after five hours the city becomes again a private affair. The day isn't finished. At eleven o'clock the open-air cinemas begin their last performance. The cafés fill up again after dinner and the men play dominoes or finish yesterday's chess game. The lovers along the river know no time.

But by midnight the city is spluttering to sleep. The plants and parrots on the balconies are taken in. The children finally put to bed. The suit hung up. At half-past one doors bang as the last stragglers from the cinemas get home. Sunday in Seville is over.

A reflective study of the sun-soaked, colourful city of Carmen in words by Peter Carvell and photographs by Richard Swayne

Seville gets up late on Sunday. At seven the streets are empty. An old Hispano Suiza bangs over the bridge packed with children and beach bags. It turns on to the road to Huelva and the town is quiet again. Outside the cathedral a fat woman with a perpetual yawn stands behind her stall selling sticky *churos* to the women as they scuttle into Mass. They tuck the sticks into their handbags, put on their black veils and go into the darkness. They nearly all wear black dresses and carry prayer books. Inside the cathedral they hurry as if anxious to get back to breakfast. In a hundred churches throughout the city the scene's the same.

The city is still quiet an hour later. The old women selling newspapers are sitting on street corners. The people coming out of the early services hurry into the nearest café, where they eat cakes with their coffee. Out of the cathedral the priests make the same pilgrimage, dipping their croissants deep into the coffee.

By nine o'clock the town's alive with yawning faces, drifting dazedly down the narrow streets. Seville was built to avoid the sun, and so the houses huddle close together, preventing the sun coming between them for more than an hour in the midday. Down in the Plaza Alfalfa the bird cages are out for the Sunday markets.

Some crowds are still waiting at the travel agents' doors for the last coach to the sea, but the stations are nearly deserted and the special trains are on their way to the beaches of Cadiz and Puerto Santa Maria nearly a hundred miles away.

In Santa Cruz, the old village around the Alcazar, the souvenir shops and tourist touts wait for the first visitors, still having breakfast in bed and looking across the town from their expensive balconies. The carriages, superbly upholstered, with giant yellow wheels, the horses sleek but some a little thin, sit still outside the Alcazar. The men are sweeping the streets, the dustman clears the bins, piling them on to his cart with only a horse to help. And in

the *lecheria* some friends have come in to help test the milk as it arrives in huge silver cans. It is not yet ten, the heat grows.

Slowly the town comes alive and noisy. The visitors are out climbing over the cathedral tower, the car attendants dash from one car to another. The horses have got their hats on and are clopping and echoing in the cobbled mazes. In Sierpes the leather chairs outside the clubs are full of old men with still heads that turn ever so slightly when a pretty girl goes by.

By midday the houses of Seville are empty. Half the people are in the cafés and the other half soon will be when Mass ends. It is now very hot. Across the car-closed streets around Sierpes the white sails have been stretched across the sky to keep out the sun, and the sloping pavements add to the feel of an old galleon.

Out in the beautiful Maria Luisa Park families and lovers stroll through the shade. The paths are a jumble of horses and carriages, bicycles and Vespas, cars and people. But in the cool no one gets annoyed. The children feed the goldfish, gaze at the caged parrots and clamber over the lions and frogs that spout water from their mouths. The lovers walk alone. Even in Seville the new generation seems to have got rid of the chaperone. In town some still keep up the pretence with a younger sister or brother.

The mornings are the time when grandfather takes the children off the parents' hands, leaving them free to go to church and then their café crawl. At one o'clock in town the churches are empty and cafés full. For an hour the Sevillian goes from one café to another around his home. He starts with beer, goes on to wine and maybe finishes up with *aguardiente*. In each he eats *tapas*, little snacks often of fish.

By 2.30 the streets are nearly empty. Some have taken their food into the cafés or wine shops. But most have finally gone home with just one more aperitif on the way. The shops have all closed. The sun is high. The wife prepared lunch the night



*Left:* mid-morning, and the carriages wait outside the Alcazar. A driver polishes the brightwork on his horse's bridle while awaiting a tourist fare. *Centre left:* in the park the children play while their parents make the café round. *Far left:* first light and a family climbs aboard an ancient and battered car for a jaunt to Huelva. *Below left:* Seville was built for coolness with close-huddled houses and narrow streets into which the sun can only blaze at its meridian. Shallow balconies trail flowers and foliage, ornately wrought iron lamp brackets are dimly seen in the pervading shadows

## Sunday in SEVILLE

*Top right:* Seville stands on the left bank of the river Guadalquivir; embankments and an elaborate system of flood defences protect the low-lying city. *Top far right:* a man reads his paper, the woman in the immemorial black of traditional Spain keeps abreast of the 60s with a transistor radio. *Right:* in the Plaza Alfalfa the purses are opened and the bird cages brought out for the Sunday market. *Far right:* at six o'clock the *festa brava*—8,000 will go to the bullfight. *Below right:* nuns sit peacefully while the children play in the shady walks of the Maria Luisa Park. *Below far right:* priests from the great Cathedral make pilgrimage to a café. Their parishioners too will join them there for croissants dipped deep in coffee







# THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

BY ANGELA INCE

The Captain's Cabin carries with it an unbeatable atmosphere of pomp, dignity, circumstance and excitement. The words conjure up instant visions of men in spotless knee-breeches and freshly goffered frilled shirts planning civilized battles while far beneath them the lower deck tap the weevils out of ship's biscuit. Visions also, of vital decisions instantly made, of storm lanterns casting weirdie shadows, of Charles Laughton ramping about and crossly getting his come-uppance. To this period, roughly, belongs Lord Nelson's flagship, *Victory*, built in Chatham Dockyard in 1759, and now undergoing extensive repairs that will take years to finish. Nelson's day cabin (*right*) has been refurbished and furnished so that it looks almost exactly as it did in 1805 for Trafalgar. A crisp, clean functional room it is, painted white and gold; the curtains are sharp red; the early 19th-century carpet is surrounded by sailcloth painted to look like tiles. A beguiling personal touch is a likeness of Horatia, Nelson's daughter, on the chest of drawers.

The modern captain's cabin, seconds away from the bridge, is the centre of a floating universe. Nowadays captains of big liners like the *Cunard Queens* have, as well as the responsibility of getting a great ship from A to B, a fairly heavy social calendar. They eat with 8 to 10 hand-picked, V.I.P. passengers (sitting at the captain's table is like dining on Olympus) and give a small drinks party before dinner nearly every night. This is where the day cabin comes in. It is used for entertaining; the captain spends his spare time there, if he has any spare time. Commodore F. G. Watts, R.D., R.N.R. (*above, right*



TESSA GIMSHA



with Staff Captain George Smith in the day cabin of the *Queen Elizabeth*) says, wryly, "these are very comfortable quarters except that I am never in them long enough to enjoy them." The *Queen Elizabeth* was redecorated in 1946 after service as a troopship. The panelling in her captain's cabin is elm from the timbers of the original *Waterloo Bridge*. There are, strangely, quite a number of free-lying objects; "If there is a hurricane" says the Commodore casually "I have to remember to put my bits and pieces away in drawers or on the floor before I go to bed."

Jon Bannenberg's design (*far right*) for the owner's day cabin in a yacht combines traditional ship-shapeness with modern use of colours and textures; the decks and

walls are oiled teak planking, the carpet woven in natural oiled wool. The sofa fitment is covered in sailmaker's cloth, braided in crusty yellow, and has pull-down arms for anchored seating in rough weather. At either end of the sofa are bolted down storage fitments for records and a record player. The two stools in the centre have storage space as well. Their white leather cushions reverse to veneered teak when you want an extra table. There are no table lamps or other free-standing impedimenta—the cabin is lit entirely by spotlights set flush into the ceiling. And there are no curtains to sway sickeningly in a swell. Instead, neat bright roller blinds in pink and orange on yellow-gold cotton.





Joe Bannister '63



*the dancing island*



The universal fascination of islands is reflected in a literature that ranges from Greek mythology, through Shakespeare's *Tempest* to Defoe, from Stevenson's *Treasure Island* to Sir Arthur Grimble's chronicles of the Pacific and the free lyric verse of Rodgers and Hammerstein's hit tune *Bali H'ai*. The farther off the island the greater its pull, which may in part account for the fame of the dancing island of Bali in the lesser Sunda group off Java. But why the dancing island?

Photographer ROMANO CAGNONI found the answer in a Hindu-Javanese culture that finds its best expression in feasts, games, dancing and dramatic performances with music. Main pivot of Balinese faith is the belief that the island is the property of the gods and bequeathed in sacred trust to its latter-day inhabitants. The gratitude of the islanders is manifested in a continuous series of purificatory rites and colourful religious processions (see above left and right) which are usually performed in the precincts (far right) of the pagoda Balinese temples. Most Balinese dances—there are some 200—have a religious significance. Many are based on the Hindu epics. Every village has its own gamelan orchestra and dance team. Most dramatic of the rituals is the eerie Ijal Arang dance in which kris-carrying performers (see right) in a tranced state stab themselves repeatedly without apparent injury



#### HOW TO GET THERE:

there are no direct flights but four times a week (Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday) the Pan-American flight London to Bangkok connects with a flight to Jakarta with an overnight stop and then onwards to Den Pasar (the Bali airport). Fares are from £209 14s., economy single, and £399 economy return. Pan-American also run daily flights to Bangkok from £179 single and £340 2s. return



# And the shashliks went **ON** and **ON** and **ON**...

Roger Lubbock becomes a V.I.P. (temporary) at Rostov-on-Don

Some of us are born tycoons, and live in the expense account band-waggon belt, as of right. And some of us (like me) just aren't, and don't, and never will. We hear tales of super grouse-moors that belong (with their castles) to steel firms, floors of *grande luxe* hotels permanently reserved for oil firms; and now of a country house in Cheshire, where the food is unequalled outside Paris, maintained—with a full staff on the old scale—by an American electronics combine for the free use of its clients, bosses, and visiting firemen.

Such *carte blanche* lush living, I have long known, is above my station; but the other day, to my astonished delight, I got a taste of it. In the Soviet Union.

As soon as Martti Larni and I arrived at Rostov-on-Don, I realized we were in for the full treatment, for we were met by photographers, a jolly bucolic-looking party who said they were the assembled writers of Rostov, and a smooth man with a bouquet for Larni's wife Viola, who said he was the Mayor. They proposed to take us immediately to "The Hotel" (see above) and this they did in one of those processions of big black cars which anywhere in the world is the prerogative of VIPs and undertakers. As I am not an undertaker I smugly deduced that I must, for the moment, be a VIP.

I was wrong, of course. Though Martti Larni has never been heard of in Britain, he is a very famous author—a Finn, whose satirical novels are even bigger best-sellers in the USSR than they are in his own country. Wherever we went, he was greeted by genuinely enthusiastic autograph-hunters. Larni is by no means a Communist, but his robust humour is usually directed at the abuses and absurdities of big business, and it evidently goes effectively into Russian. His glory was great enough to admit a few hangers-on like me to its magic carpet of privilege.

So our procession swept off through the midday heat, and I expected us to fetch up at the usual kind of Russian hotel, a shabby barrack in the middle of the town, with hideous furniture, sluggish service, and mediocre food. But not so, this time.

In the outskirts we turned through discreet gates down a wooded drive and came to a place which was quite unlike any other hotel I saw in Russia. Its architecture was modern and attractive, of a gay Scandinavian type. (Most Soviet architecture is old-fashioned and hideous.) It was quite small. There was no sign, either outside or on the building, that it was any kind of hostelry. And most



extraordinary of all were the grounds it stood in.

These were evidently private, and covered several acres—which is unique in itself: though perhaps Nikita Sergeyevitch's own *dacha* stands in a fine demesne.

There were groves, clearings, lawns, borders, all apparently laid out for some great *fête champêtre*. Covered walks, arbours and bowers, gay awnings, gazebos—all had been carefully contrived, and plentifully illuminated for the warm summer nights. At least, that seemed to have been the intention; maybe it had once been fulfilled. Now the lawns were overgrown, the paths lost, the arbours untrimmed, and the gazebos mere rusting frameworks.

Indoors it was different. The 20 bedrooms were spacious, comfortably furnished, attractively decorated—except for the inevitable dreary paintings of empty Russian landscapes. The bathrooms were glazed in bright colours, and equipped with everything from razor-plugs to bidets. The water was hot, and—astonishingly—everything worked. There were even plugs in the wash-basins, so that for once an old-fashioned shaver did not need that little tin bowl which all Russian men carry about with their brush and soap.

There was a lecture-room—or it may have been a "television lounge"; a well-stocked library; shady balconies; pretty maids who seemed to be as efficient as they were attractive, and who actually brought things when you asked for them.

As we lashed happily into the caviare and ice-cold champagne, I was told that the "hotel" belonged jointly to the municipality of Rostov and Intourist, and was not for the public. In fact, I was, at last, in one of those arcanum guest-houses open only to the privileged few, for whom all the elaborate luxury is free—and in Marxist-Leninist, socialist-realist Russia!

Next morning we found that the assembled writers had magically reappeared, and we all sat down to an enormous

breakfast in the elegant dining-room: red, grey, and black caviare, chicken pie, coffee, cold sturgeon, white wine, salad, pancakes, smoked eel, and too many other dishes to remember.

Guessing that this would have to last us until late afternoon, I embarked on a solid meal, and about half-an-hour later was almost fully loaded. We were thereupon ushered out into the garden, where, in the full blaze of the sun, was another table heavy with snacks and bottles; yet another busty maid, and a chef in a tall white hat. Over a charcoal brazier, I saw to my alarm, he was grilling shashliks of immense size, on skewers as long as fencing foils.

This was evidently the real breakfast.

It became clear that it was obligatory to enjoy it—not too easy, on top of the vast meal I had just made, particularly as the shashlik seemed to consist mostly of lumps of scalding gristle. I did my best, with the help of a litre of well-chilled wine, and had soon consumed half the lumps on my sword. Honour was satisfied, I thought—but no such luck! The maid immediately urged a whole new swordful on me, and from the cries of encouragement all round, I realized that this one was obligatory too.


Later the Larnis and I visited Rostov's champagne factory, where we were given a liberal assortment to taste. Somehow we got rather adrift of our schedule, and when we returned to the hotel, the charming young manager was worrying that we would miss our plane—we were booked on the routine afternoon flight to Moscow. However, he telephoned the airport, and then said suavely that the aircraft would wait for us, and that there was therefore no need to hurry.

So in due course we proceeded to the airport, where the Mayor, evidently rather smitten with Viola, had yet another bouquet for her, and yet more champagne.

The plane waited patiently on the tarmac. As it was one of the hottest days of the year, by the time we reached it the temperature inside was about Regulo 8. None of the 60-odd well-broiled passengers had actually fainted—indeed the hubbub of conversation could, for once, rightly be described as heated. However, we were too full of champagne to concern ourselves overmuch, and in Russia you just don't question the actions of VIPs.

The glares we received were more curious than angry, our flying hothouse took off just 37 minutes late, and soon I relapsed, sweating, into an ordinary unprivileged Zizz.





January is a low-ebb month when the holiday mood is fading. Morale drops with the temperature and we feel engulfed by the impersonal, supermarket-atmosphere of the sales. Encouraging, then, to discover some personal services that give scope to individual ideas, fill the difficult gaps in our wardrobes and generally come to our aid. Unity Barnes reports on some useful finds, with photographs by Barry Lategan

At The Scotch House, Knightsbridge, kilts, skirts and trews can be made to measure for all the family in any of their 640 authentic tartans and in a huge variety of Scotch tweeds. The black and white Menzies tartan kilt shown here was chosen from a big ready-to-wear range for 9½ gns.; the warm red ribbed wool stockings are 22s. 6d. The Scotch House has an outstandingly good choice of husky, polo-necked sweaters; this one is in 4-ply natural camelhair at 9½ gns. They will also make travel bags and holdalls in any tartan

AT  
YOUR SERVICE





Women's Home Industries, at 11 West Halkin Street, S.W.1, have an army of knitters scattered around the country, who produce superlatively hand-knitted clothes in an endless variety of colours and yarns, currently ranging from Bernat Klein's characteristically glowing mohairs

Photographed is a golden-amber alpaca sweater with an extra-high polo neck, long ribbed cuffs, 10 gns.; the matching tweed skirt is 9 gns. The soft mohair jacket is knitted in misty beiges and brown for 12 gns.; and the W.H.I. will help you to devise any colour schemes to suit yourself. Their collection extends from suits and dresses, via hats

The new W.H.I. "Woolly wise" clean-and-repair service will resuscitate old sweaters and keep new ones in good order; the starting price is 8s. 6d.

and wools to the finest alpaca. For the summer they knit up cotton, silk and linen, too. In addition to an exciting current range in the shop they can make to order in any size and virtually any colour.

inspired thick wool stockings now in the news





Marshall & Snelgrove have a lively separates department in which London Pride blouses just sell and sell, their straightforward styling and clean colours making them irresistible. Among several good classic shapes which are running on into the Spring, is this cigar-brown and white Clydella shirt, with its American-styled collar and cuffs in brown, 3 gns. In three other good colours too, sizes 34 to 40, at Marshall & Snelgrove in London, Birmingham and Harrogate



J. W. Benson, the Bond Street jewellers, have been in the business since 1749, and can fairly be considered experts on the subject of making and selling watches. They can supply a knockabout watch for a schoolboy as easily as a miniature platinum watch on a diamond bracelet, and they have a second-to-none repair department manned by craftsmen of long experience. Watch bracelets and straps are here in splendid variety, and cases to fit any size of travelling clock or pocket watch. Picked from their range of the moment are the watches shown here:

- (a) Automatic gold waterproof watch, £38 19s. 6d.
- (b) Waterproof steel and chrome watch for a boy, £11 5s.
- (c) Gold watch set into a moulded gold bracelet, £135.
- (d) Gold bracelet watch, £39 10s.
- (e) Gold watch on black suede strap, £21 10s.
- (f) Girl's watch in steel and chrome, £8 18s. 6d.
- (g) Gold watch by Audemars-Piguet, on pigskin strap, £201.
- (h) Gold pendant watch on a long gold chain, £37.



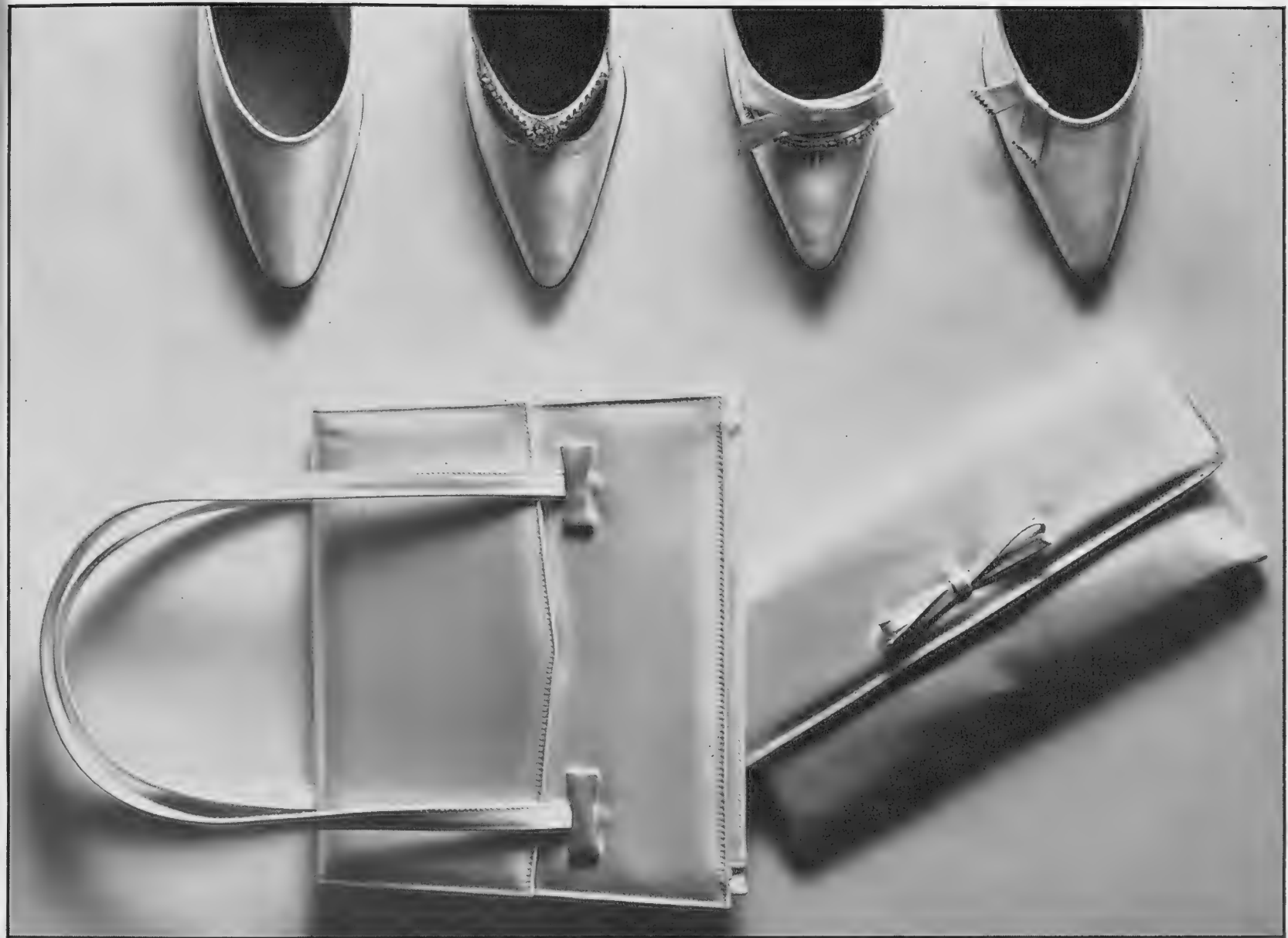


Predictably, Harvey Nichols' excellent Knitwear departments sell Pringle sweaters and skirts; unpredictably, they take this a stage further and produce silk blouses which exactly match them. In two shapes—a classic skirt and a blouse with a softly tied neck—they are stocked in six currently best-selling colours; in addition, they can be dyed specially to match any Pringle sweater. *Above, left*, a carnation red silk shirt, 5½ gns., goes under a shirt-necked red lambswool sweater, £3 19s. 6d.; the red wool skirt is £5 9s. 6d. *Right*, three pieces in lichen green: tie-necked silk blouse, 5½ gns.; collared lambswool cardigan, £4 9s. 6d.; skirt, £5 9s. 6d.

Lillywhites are world-famous for everything that concerns sports; typically, this Irish handknitted sweater in creamy natural bainin wool could stand up to sailing, ski-ing, golf, or just hard country life and still look as good as it does here; it is available all the year round, at 8 gns. Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that they can make ski pants to order in 16 colours, within 10 days, for 16½ gns. (in stock sizes they are 12 gns.)—and trousers in many materials, including silk. They will also make you a skirt in literally any style you may want, from 14 gns., in one of their innumerable fabrics—they keep pattern swatches from Otterburn, Dartington Hall and Hunt & Winterbotham—or from 10 gns. in your own material







Elliott shops make a speciality of narrow-fitting shoes; they also run a dyeing service for evening shoes which can prove a life-saver in critical moments when sudden party invitations find you bare-footed. Any of their white satin evening shoes (usually running to 5 or 6 styles) can be dyed in one of 144 basic colours, within 2 hours, for 10s. 6d. If this colour choice is not enough, they will dye to an exact match in 3 to 5 days. They also have a variety of satin evening bags and purses which can be dyed in the same way. Shown here are four currently-running shoes, three trimmed with diamanté on heels from 2 to 3 inches, one plain oval-toed pump on a 1½-inch heel, at prices from £2 19s. 11d. to 6 gns. The purse is £1 13s., the square bag is £3 19s. 9d. The shoes at all branches of Elliott Narrow Fitting Shops and the bags at Elliott Narrow Fitting Shops in Knightsbridge and Bond Street



The current demand for leather and suede present no difficulties to Leather Craft of 17 Dover Street, who for many years have fashioned the softest skins into attractive, casual clothes. Mostly they make to order: the fringed jerkin shown here in spice coloured suede is 18½ gns. and is partnered by a tweed skirt checked in blue and red, 14 gns. Sweaters are also made to measure in matching colours: this inky blue turtle-necked version is 8½ gns. Their coats, jackets and skirts are all colour-planned to match and interchange with their tweeds. Golf clothes are something they do particularly well, too



# FLYAWAYS

Flyweight luggage should be light enough to manage without porters (only the nimblest and least-laden can make a quick getaway to Customs at airports). Weighing in from the top: navy canvas case cornered and strapped with glowing red leather from Gucci, £29 15s.

Thin black leather smallest-case-of-all to take odds and ends: £8 10s. at Liberty. Black make-believe leather case, sturdy and strong: £10 15s. at Harvey Nichols.

Baize green hessian case, garnished with red leather: 24 gns. at Liberty. Square-set doctor's bag lined with sawdust coloured soft suede converts into a triangular shape: 17 gns. at Liberty. Revelation's new Transair luggage weighs next to nothing. Made in an indestructible fabric called Vultex, it is chicly lined with small black and white gingham checks. In soft green, cigar brown or black: this in-between size suitcase costs £4 19s. 6d.

COUNTERSPY

BY

ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON



TESSA GRIMSHAW

# on plays

## WAITING FOR LARRY

From the moment when a plump, pewter weathercock descends with an audible plonk to its place on a steeple, it is obvious that George Farquhar's early 18th-century comedy, **The Recruiting Officer**, is going to be played stylishly, wittily and for every laugh which Mr. William Gaskill's production can coax out of it. And indeed this is just what happens in the National Theatre's version, where even the scenery and its many smooth shiftings share in the elegance of the ensemble. The period is 1705, the setting Shrewsbury and the situations dictated—at long range—by Marlborough and his armies, desperate for more men and sending recruiting officers through the length and breadth of England to get them by such means as their ingenuity or bullying suggest.

Such a gentleman is Captain Plume (Mr. Robert Stephens) who, with his sergeant, one

Kite, has arrived in Shropshire to gather as satisfactory a bunch of new soldiers as will satisfy his superiors. Mr. Stephens plays this light-hearted but dedicated schemer with fine effect and, as Kite, Mr. Colin Blakely gives an admirable picture of the old soldier who knows it all, has a remarkably flexible conscience and is capable of such pronouncements as: "They should both be shot as an example to each other." Sergeant Kite, in fact, adds greatly to the fun of the whole affair, not least when he describes his opting for the army, after many early vagaries, and for the business of persuading men to take Queen Anne's shilling, as a decision arrived at "through hunger and ambition".

The second recruiting officer, Captain Brazen, is played by Sir Laurence Olivier and does not make an appearance for the first 40 minutes of the play, which might well have reduced

the first act to a matter of Waiting for Larry with less skilled staging but, in the event, simply adds a particular glitter to the scene and to the cut and thrust of the dialogue. Sir Laurence most evidently enjoys himself in this swash-buckling role, addressing all and sundry as "m'dear", kissing fellow officers on the mouth in what was apparently the fashion of the day and conducting his exchanges with ladies while gazing almost vertically down their bodices. He swings about the stage in jack-booted splendour (the men's uniforms and costumes designed by Mr. René Allio are especially brilliant and even witty in themselves) and has had a good deal of fun with his high-coloured make-up which includes a brand new kind of false nose piece. His authority is complete; his all too few appearances the signal for an electric current of animation.

Not that the play flags without him. The producer's sense of pace and timing has seen to that and so have such performances as Mr. Max Adrian's who, in the part of Mr. Justice Balance, father of the play's heroine, Silvia, manages to be both crafty and sympathetic in one

of the neatest tricks of any theatrical week. As for Silvia, who loves Captain Plume but is obliged through one of Farquhar's most outrageous twists to disguise herself as an officer and a gentleman, that part is played by Miss Maggie Smith, a circumstance which is good enough for any theatregoer and gives this scintillating young actress a chance to hide part of her little face behind a Max Linder moustache. She is, of course, a born comedian, moustachioed or not, and, even when slightly quenched by her clothing or by the brisk bawdiness of some of the situations, makes her points delightfully. I don't know of any other actress who could have played this not entirely rewarding role with such dash and spirit, and the evening certainly chalks up another to her list of successes. The country wench, Rose, who is a foil to her quick intelligence, is played by Miss Lynn Redgrave; tall, buxom and perfectly at home on theatrical boards.

It is a polished romp of a production and conclusive proof of the National Theatre company's ability to pick the right kind of comedy and bring it to life with the right kind of gaiety and grace.



Victor Spinetti plays one of the ugly sisters in *The Merry Roosters'* pantomime *Cinderella* at Wyndhams Theatre—the Roosters also put on *Oh What a Lovely War* in the evenings. Above right: Anita Ekberg gives Frank Sinatra a close shave in *4 for Texas*, a Western with holiday laughs.



# on films

## TWO GIRLS AND A GHOST

Miss Julie Harris is an actress I admire and am even fond of but I must say she rather got on my nerves in **The Haunting**. It isn't really her fault: it's just that I am allergic to down-trodden, frustrated spinsters who drift wispily about, nibbling their fingers and quietly moaning "All I want is to be cherished." Because a poltergeist once pelted her with rocks (no, not the Cartier kind, silly), this sad, drab creature is chosen by Mr. Richard Johnson, an anthropologist currently dabbling in psychic research, to join his little team of investigators into allegedly supernatural goings-on at Hill House, a macabre-looking mansion where three violent deaths have occurred in the past 90 years.

The other members of the team are cocky Mr. Russ Tamblyn, who doesn't believe in spooks, and Miss Claire Bloom, an uppish young person flaunting a Mary Quant wardrobe and a diploma in Extra-Sensory Perception.

Miss Harris doesn't much care for trend-conscious Miss Bloom (at one point accuses her of Lesbianism), yet in the dead of night, when the house reverberates with an awful booming noise and the door handles of locked bedrooms are mysteriously turned and are rattled from without, it's to her she clings in terror. Miss Bloom, less self-assured in a nightie than in her with-it day gear, is just as scared as Miss Harris.

At breakfast next morning, Messrs. Johnson and Tamblyn say *they* neither saw nor heard anything alarming in the house. This is not surprising, as they were exploring the grounds at the time, but it does make the girls wonder if the midnight manifestations were a product of their own fevered imaginations. It's not long before everybody realizes they were not, though what they *were* a product of, I never did discover.

(By the way, Mr. Robert Wise, directing, has been extremely clever in creating an atmosphere of creeping fear. The weirdy sound track and the rum sets—that curiously menacing spiral staircase in the library, the chilly conservatory with those statues which may move if you take your eyes off them, and so on—help tremendously.)

Poor Miss Harris (who has developed a crush on Mr. Johnson) grows more neurotic by the minute and no wonder. Icy kisses brush her cheek, an unseen finger writes her name on a dusty floor, the cold hand she clutches in the dark turns out not to have been Miss Bloom's—or anyone else's. "Whatever the thing is that's haunting this house, it's you it wants," Miss Bloom tells her, in a voice that shows she considers "it" has lamentable taste.

Having learnt that Mr. Johnson is a married man and in no position to cherish her, Miss Harris, who'd rather be cher-

ished by a phantom than not cherished at all, hears an unearthly voice calling to her, and starts up, crying rapturously "Yes, yes! It's *me* it wants!" It gets her, too. The film casts not a single gleam of light on the phenomena with which it is concerned, and is unlikely to affect your belief or disbelief in the supernatural—but it *will* give you a delicious shudder or a good giggle, according to your temperament.

Mr. Robert Aldrich's spoof Western, **4 for Texas**, is not quite spoof enough—in fact, apart from the hilarious pre-credit-title sequence burlesquing the standard ambushing of a stagecoach by a bunch of bad hombres, it could be taken straight. Who's going to laugh when the quick-on-the-draw hero shoots down the skulking villain without even looking at him? It's something we expect in a Western.

Messrs. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin enjoy themselves enormously, in an uninfected (indeed, sometimes smug and irritating) way, as a couple of wise-cracking, smarty pants crooks who spend the entire picture double-crossing one another, saving each other's lives and profiting from the skulduggery of a wicked banker (Mr. Victor Buono) who lacks "the intestinal fortitude" ("guts" to you) to come out and fight 'em like a man.

Trigger - happy Fraülein Ursula Andress and elegant Fröken Anita Ekberg (on whose jutting bosom a windowbox would look rather well, I always think) are the lucky gals whom Messrs. M. and S. allow to share their spoils—though not (any more than the audience) their private jokes.

I am greatly indebted to

Pathé News for a ten-minute short on **The Beatles** and their raving fans as (lacking intestinal fortitude) I would never have dared to go within a mile of any theatre where they are appearing in the flesh and thus might have missed for ever the chance of seeing these four wee wonder-boys in action. On the screen, you can actually *hear* them, too, which is more than you'd do at a "live" performance.

The moment the boys, in their dotty hair-dos and drain-pipe pants, come on to the stage and start singing and jiggling and strumming and drumming, their audience of what looks like thousands of teenage girls goes wild. Sobbing as if newly orphaned, writhing as if in direst torment, the little dears scream at the tops of their piercing voices from start to finish of every number. For all you can hear of the Beatles from the back of the theatre, they might be reciting the multiplication table—though I don't suppose they've ever bothered to learn that old thing; why pay an agent good money if he can't do your maths for you? I found this short film a most illuminating and alarming experience.

In **Who's Minding the Store**, directed by Mr. Frank Tashlin, Miss Jill St. John, a rich girl, gets Mr. Jerry Lewis, an impoverished professional poodle-walker, a job in her father's multiple store so that he can earn enough money to marry her. Mr. Lewis's progress from department to department involves countless disasters, endless slapstick and a good deal of crossing of the eyes. The cast, I am happy to say, includes Miss Agnes Moorehead and that delightful Mr. John McGiver—as Miss St. John's parents.



Claire Bloom and Julie Harris share a common fear during the night in *The Haunting*, a film about a house, the mysterious and sinister presence that inhabits it, and the fate of those who try to investigate them

# on books

FOR HUNG-OVER DAYS

After a time of excess and over-indulgence, little fresh-faced unpretentious books that make us feel nicer than we are can be a transitory comfort. "Miss Read" is the mystery village-writer, and only the cynical and unworthy would suspect the name of concealing some stout man in EC4 weeping quietly into his whisky and dreaming of beautiful country things like singing birds and early crocuses. Her latest book, **Country Bunch** (Michael Joseph 21s.) is a pleasant rural anthology, with pretty drawings by Andrew Dodds and a ravishing jacket made of spring flowers. The choice of extracts is pleasure-giving, and the links are clear and helpful, though not everyone is going to feel cheered by the "Here is a covey of English birds as seen by English poets from Shakespeare's time to our own" type of note.

Best extracts for me come from James Woodforde's *Diary of a Country Parson*, and concern hair-raising 18th-century remedies for ailments. Parson Woodforde has frightful toothache, sends for John Reeves the Farrier who breaks "one of the fangs of the tooth"—"he is too old, I think, to draw teeth, can't see very well" writes Woodforde with restraint—and nine years later he has another one out at the first Pull, "but it was a monstrous Crash"—which is the sort of thing those who yearn for the romantic rustic 18th century are apt to forget.

When Jack has another touch of the Ague, Parson

Woodforde gives him a dram of gin and firmly pushes him into "one of my Ponds," "and he was better after it and had nothing of the cold fit after, but was very hot." It makes one feel very kindly towards the NHS. Since all of us suffer guilt about living in cities and feel sure that those in touch with the soil are wiser, kinder, better people, this nice anthology will no doubt bring strength and comfort as well as pleasure.

**Victorian Architecture**, edited by Peter Ferriday and introduced by John Betjeman (Cape 55s.) is largely a collection of studies of Victorian architects, taken singly, and their major works. Most of the writers, besides being expert, are also crammed with agreeable prejudices, which makes for good lively writing. Since most of the buildings under discussion were enormous besides being heavily ornamented, the section of crowded photographs gives one a seasick feeling and a craving for more space.

As for the people who lived inside Victorian architecture, Mrs. Gernsheim has done a superb job of demonstrating some aspects of their heavily upholstered lives in a marvelous book of photographs called **Fashion & Reality 1840-1914** (Faber 63s.). Victorian and Edwardian women's clothes are to me hypnotically unsympathetic, making their wearers look like pincushions, sofas, fortresses, stunning and unassailable repositories for

beads, lace and embroidery—anything, in fact, but real women that some madman might actually at some point lean forward and pat. On the other hand, all the pictures of children seem lyrical, tender and immensely sad—children beautifully paddling in hats at Skipness in 1883, Miss Vera Blackhall in black stockings and boots and a giant flouncy hat in 1905, Winston Churchill, very brisk and spry in bow tie and knickerbockers in 1880, and the elegant Misses Dingwall Fordyce of Bruckley Castle, no less, with dashing frilled drawers and ostrich feathers in their hats, in 1858. The book has a wonderful climate of real, if formal and rather ceremonial, life and the quality of the photographs is, of course, superb.

Rayner Heppenstall is a writer of notable idiosyncracies and prejudices, someone who teases, maddens and gives great pleasure simply by being so fiercely unlike anybody else. **The Intellectual Part** (Barrie & Rockcliff 25s.) is his autobiography and includes, pell-mell and at random, the Celts, faith, politics, ballet, acting, French novelists, broadcasting, pianos and a very grave illness, wonderfully and blackly retold. Mr. Heppenstall's tone of voice is sardonic, disabused, bleakly funny and really rather kind. Apropos the blowing up of pillar boxes at the time of the accession of Elizabeth II, he writes cheerily, "I remembered how, on Mischief Night, which meant the evening of the 4th November, in Huddersfield, I had been accustomed to put lighted thunder-flashes in dustbins and quickly ram on the lid. It would sometimes rise to roof-top height." It's all rather like that. I love it.

**Briefly . . . The Hungry Archaeologist in France** by Glyn Daniel (Faber 30s.) is a revision of an earlier book, and deals enthusiastically with archaeology and food in Brittany and the Dordogne—happily, for food-readers like myself who are right off the subject and can only relish a good recipe for lemon-barley water, there is more about stones and caves than restaurants. Nice pictures of large stones, either looming into the air or cleverly balanced on each other . . . **The Pastel Portrait** by Ida Gantz (Cresset 30s.) is a pleasant and racy, though oddly confusing, book about the Gunnings, the family that contained the two beautiful Miss Gunnings who bewitched London in the mid-18th century . . . **Presentation Parlour** by Kate O'Brien (Heinemann 21s.) is a quiet, sentimental and rather touching book about the author's aunts, bright and sharp on Irish provincial society of the period, best about the two aunts who were nuns . . . and two super children's books to swop against book tokens: **One Day in Elizabethan England**, by G. B. Kirtland with delectable wildly ornate drawings by Jerome Snyder. It is full of real Elizabethan words, and starts memorably "When you wake up, you pull open your velvet bed curtains and pull off the cap of lettuce leaves you wore to help you sleep." And **Orlando Buys a Cottage** by Kathleen Hale (Country Life 9s. 6d.) is about a move to a country cottage which the cats fill with magic instant furniture. Orlando, who wins an important fight, is as noble and plushy as ever. The drawings are as usual dazzling and scrumptious.



Margaret Neville and Patricia Kern take the title roles in *Hansel and Gretel*, Glen Byam Shaw's new production at Sadler's Wells



# on records

THE AMAZING TEAGARDEN BROTHERS

In an obscure ranching town in Texas in 1905 was born a man who was to become one of the major personalities in jazz—Jack Teagarden. From the mid-20s to the present day his vigorous trombone playing and his mellow voice have been heard with most of the great bands of the times, and on hundreds of records. His great speciality was always the blues, so that the title **King of the blues trombone** is particularly appropriate to the three volume set of longplays which Columbia have devoted to his work. Though the time spanned by this collection amounts to just 12 years, there is a wealth of historical interest and good music in the dozen or more groups with whom he worked. Three leaders who dominated Jack's life during this period were Ben Pollack, Paul White-man and Benny Goodman, but none of them provided such a good platform for the trombonist as Bud Freeman's small

band, which produces the best tracks in the last volume.

Jack's younger trumpet-playing brother, Charlie Teagarden, who never achieved the same fame and recognition, can be heard to good advantage on the earlier selections, his style being clearly influenced by Beiderbecke and Red Nichols. In a contemporary setting, **The great Hamp and Little "T"** (Coral) provides that the years have not dimmed his talents or those of Lionel Hampton. Both men solo with that melodic simplicity which I have come to regard as the hallmark of the mainstream in jazz. There is power and emotional warmth in every note that Charlie blows, and only the rather stodgy arrangements played by the group which backs these two solo stars dissuade me from giving this album a "rave" notice.

Both "Big T" and "Little T" are again in evidence with **Red Nichols and his Five Pennies**

(Ace of Hearts). Here again the pages of jazz history are turned back to the mid-20s, and to the most interesting period in the career of another trumpeter/leader, Nichols. This music was recorded in New York, but the style is generally accepted as being Chicago jazz, which implies the white musicians' interpretation of the basic New Orleans jazz brought by the Negroes to Chicago during the previous decade. The effect which they achieved may sound slightly jerky in its consistent syncopation, but the Pennies, whether they were five or fifteen, became the great proving ground for countless musicians who were later recognized as great jazzmen. Red's influence cannot have been so harmful.

The Orient has made little or no musical impact on the path of jazz, but trumpeter Max Kaminsky, yet another common denominator in the Teagarden story, has contrived a link in his new album, **Max goes East** (United Artists). This link is mainly in the choice of titles, though many of the conventional conceptions of Oriental music are incorporated in one form or another. The record impresses

me most for its easy swinging atmosphere, and for the clean uncomplicated arrangements.

Finally that boisterous Dutch Swing College Band gives out a healthy trad beat in **D.S.C. at the European Jazz Festival** (Philips). This was recorded at the 1962 festival in Belgium, and has all the appropriate noises-off which one expects to hear at these jazz beanos!



*Dmitri Tiomkin, conducts one of the world's largest and most highly paid orchestras—135 musicians at £2,000 a day—at Shepperton Studios in a recording of his composition to back Samuel Bronstein's The Fall of the Roman Empire.*

ROBERT WRAIGHT

# on galleries

THOSE LUSH HIGHLANDS

Somewhere in me there is, I believe, a wee drap o' Scots blood but it is without the slightest element of chauvinism that I recommend to you the exhibition of **14 Scottish Painters** now at the Commonwealth Institute (and from 29 February to 14 March at Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum). Few exhibitions of contemporary painting in recent years have given me more purely sensual pleasure or created in me so strong a sense of sympathy with the artists as this one did. This is all the more remarkable to me when I realize that had anyone asked me a week ago what adjective I associate with the word "Scot" I would have replied immediately "dour." Now I would say "warmth" and add "colour" and "sensuality" (in the best sense of the word).

Though the work of several of the 14 artists was fairly well known to me—in particular that of William MacTaggart,

Anne Redpath, Robin Philipson and John Houston—I had never seen their pictures hanging side by side. And though it may have registered with me that all of them had certain qualities in common—a lush palette and a delightful sense of exuberance in the actual handling of paint—it certainly did not occur to me that these might be national characteristics of Scottish Painting. Indeed, like most people south of the Border, I had never realized that there was such a thing as Scottish Painting. But that there is was brought home to me as soon as I walked into the exhibition. Almost everything in it appeared to belong together to a degree that was quite remarkable.

This was, of course, a superficial impression, but it was confirmed by a closer look at the paintings. In looking for affinities, however, one also discovers the differences, the subtle differences that

mysteriously make A and C unlike though both are like B. And it is tempting to attribute these subtle differences to the influences of foreign, i.e. non-Scottish artists. Thus Sir William MacTaggart (who is himself probably the greatest single influence on the younger Scottish artists, especially those who were at the Edinburgh College of Art where he taught for 23 years) owes his most distinctive quality to an admiration for Rouault.

Anne Redpath has also had a considerable influence on, for instance, David McClure and Elizabeth Blackadder, but the influence that makes McClure's work distinctive is that of Chagall. Blackadder seems also to have looked long and lovingly on the early work of John Piper. The most original and individual of the painters who have what I shall, from now on, refer to as Scottish characteristics, is Robin Philipson. In recent years he has moved nearer and nearer to abstraction and his work in this show has much in common with that of Alan Davie, but unlike Davie's it is refined and sensitive.

Evidently Davie (a Scot), is not represented at the Commonwealth Art Gallery because he left his homeland

too soon, for refinement and sensitivity apparently still flourish there. So, too, does that old-fashioned thing called beauty. Unless the artists have been chosen with the deliberate intention of deceiving us then it is clear that the shallow intellectualism that dominates so much of English painting today has no place in Scotland. This supports the theory widely held that Scotsmen are much saner than Sassenachs.

A new volume of art biography from Henri Perruchot is always welcome. In recent years his books on Manet, Cézanne and Toulouse-Lautrec have made absorbing, and sometimes revealing, reading for the layman seriously interested in art and artists. Now comes a fourth volume, **Gauguin** (Perpetua Books, 42s.), which is likely to prove the most popular of all.

In tracing Gauguin's fascinating life story Perruchot has gone back to original sources for his material and has revealed several forgotten facets of the artist's strange and complex personality. And to accompany his text the publishers have unearthed many hitherto unpublished photographs.

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# on opera

## MUFFLED BELLS ABOARD SHIP

It is now almost two years since the copyright on Gilbert & Sullivan's operas lapsed, and clearly this has had no effect on the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company now back home at the Savoy for a three month season. Why *should* there be any effect on this company, I hear you cry . . . they have always performed the operas to Gilbert's original prescription (the ladies still go down on the *po*). Surely their present position is to maintain authoritative productions which in their authenticity cut out any rival efforts which may crop up.

Exactly. And this is why I found their opening programme *Trial by Jury* and *H.M.S. Pinafore* so worrying. A large audience was highly delighted by the whole thing, but the average age was middle-plus. No young person seeing this show as a first introduc-

tion to the Savoy operas would ever want to go again, for the company seems quite out of touch with current standards in both straight and musical theatre. The qualities that inform three of the most successful shows in London—*Oh, What a Lovely War*, *Count Ory* (at Sadler's Wells) and *The Comedy of Errors*—are completely missing: verve, spontaneity and, above all, a delight in the job in hand.

No one, I am sure, wants the music twisted, the dialogue altered or gimmickry dragged in. These things are unnecessary (as Sadler's Wells showed forcibly in *Iolanthe*). I believe the Gilbert & Sullivan operas are an enchanting and treasurable body of work. Over and over again tunes come up that completely disarm both pun-dits and mods, and the dialogue, correctly attacked, can

acquire a distinct period charm with its awful puns and flights of tongue-in-the-cheek hyperbole.

Producer and designer seem to have gone out of their way to make these operas unlovely. Peter Goffin's set for *Pinafore* is certainly fine, but his costumes for the girls are a muddy palette. The male chorus should never be put into tight, white trousers (should anyone, one wonders)—the black ones are much better. The make-up department gives no help, specializing in rosy cheeks, false side-whiskers and ill-fitting wigs. These poor people of the chorus—who sing crisply and with a good tone—are also expected to perform the weariest, stereotyped dance routines exuding a faint aroma of performing seals, if Lorenz Hart will forgive me.

More important is the disservice done to the music. Everyone takes it so seriously. Can it be possible that the artists don't *know* that in these early operas Sullivan was giving gentle digs at types of opera popular at the time? The sextet "A nice dilemma" in *Trial* is a

neat take-off of "Chi mi frena" in *Lucia*; a mock Handelian chorus welcomes the judge (containing even a dig at Handel's habit of extended codas). In *Pinafore* Josephine's big scena, "The hours creep on apace" is cast in the identical mould of Weber's big soprano show-pieces. Ann Hood, who sang this last item, seemed to think it was a serious utterance (reference to Gillows and all) by the character Josephine. The Savoy operas are basically heartless, to attempt this over-serious, realistic approach makes them witless as well, which above all things they are not.

To me it seems that the D'Oyly Carte Opera company are missing the biggest opportunity of their long career—to win a huge new audience of younger people. They have lots of advantages, notably their lead tenor Thomas Round, their comedy lead, John Reed and their bass Donald Adams, whose evil-minded Dick Dead-eye was pure Charles Addams. These three showed some idea of the sort of joy these operas can give.

HELEN BURKE

# DINING IN

## WINTER INSULATION

Inexpensive food such as a good bowl of soup, may often give us greater comfort than the most costly steaks, in really cold weather. This is not to say that we do not need body-building beef, but one of our daily meals might well be soup followed by a piece of cheese or, if one happens to be good at it, a cheese soufflé.

Now, how best to make the soup. Regularly, in the winter months, I buy a large piece of hind leg of beef. Having washed it and cut it into  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch squares, including the gristly parts, I put the meat into a casserole and cover it deeply with cold water, add salt and pepper to taste, cover the casserole and put it into the oven at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. When it is heated through, I lower the temperature to 275 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1 and leave it for 4 hours in all.

Recently, I have taken to buying a marrow bone, covering it with seasoned cold water in a separate casserole and cooking it at the same time as the leg of beef. This bone provides the most wonderful marrow for that Victorian delicacy, MARROW ON TOAST. Ask the butcher to crack the bone. Tie it with string and let it cook gently for about 2 hours. remove the string and the marrow. When required, put the marrow on toast, season it with salt and pepper and heat

it through under the grill.

While the leg of beef and marrow bone are cooking is also a good time to bake a pot of Boston beans, potatoes and, perhaps, a dried fruit salad. This can mean a pretty full oven but I, for one, will never get over the wartime practice of filling the oven with food, whenever it is on, and thus economizing in fuel.

Now for that bone stock. A good-sized marrow bone should provide  $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts of stock, enough for four servings for two days. It is itself perfectly good as a base for the soup but it is even better if, say, a cup of the rich beef stock and a few chopped squares of the meat are added to the soup a few minutes before serving.

I find that barley is best when it is cooked in the first place in very little plain water. Just cover 4 tablespoons of well-washed barley with water and boil it for 15 minutes.

Add 1 to 2 chopped onions, 3 to 4 well-cleaned leeks cut in rings and 2 to 3 chopped or grated carrots and let them cook for  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour. Add 1 to 2 diced

peeled potatoes and cook for a further  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Measure off enough soup for the one day and add to it a grated small white turnip and 2 to 3 chopped cabbage leaves or 2 to 3 sprouts cut into rings. Let these last just cook and no more. It is always well to add any member of the brassica family to the soup so late that it is barely cooked, otherwise it tends to introduce a certain rankness.

Finally, add a cup of the leg beef stock and a little of the meat itself, as above. Heat through, taste and season.

On the second day, add to the barley-vegetable soup 1 to 2 diced skinned tomatoes or a little tubed tomato purée and a grated slice of swede turnip.

I always add a little freshly-chopped parsley to each serving of soup because the flavour of the raw parsley is much superior to that of the cooked variety. It also adds to the appearance.

The tender-as-jelly leg beef in its broth, with plainly boiled potatoes or rice or macaroni makes a delicious dish.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS must have come originally from France.

I have an old earthenware bean pot which will make enough for six servings, but it seems worth while to use a really large iron casserole which will take 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of haricot or pea beans. Soak them overnight.

Next morning, turn the beans into a colander and rinse them under running cold water. Cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of not-too-fat pickled pork into 1-inch cubes and put them in the casserole with 2 to 3 small whole onions. Add the beans, a little salt and some freshly milled pepper and then a further  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of diced pork, allowing the skin to be level with the beans.

In a basin, blend together  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 teaspoon of dry mustard with a little water. Add 1 to 2 tablespoons of black treacle, 2 to 3 chopped skinned tomatoes or a tablespoon of tubed tomato purée and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water. Pour this mixture over the pork and beans and add further hot water to cover them.

This dish may take up to 6 hours at 275 to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1 to 2, depending on how the beans have been dried and how old they are. Packaged beans are likely to take less time because the producers see to it that they are not overdried or old.

During the cooking, keep the beans from becoming dry by adding a little hot water from time to time. For the last hour or so, remove the lid.

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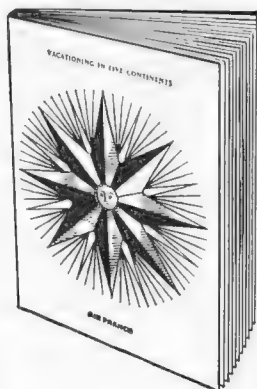
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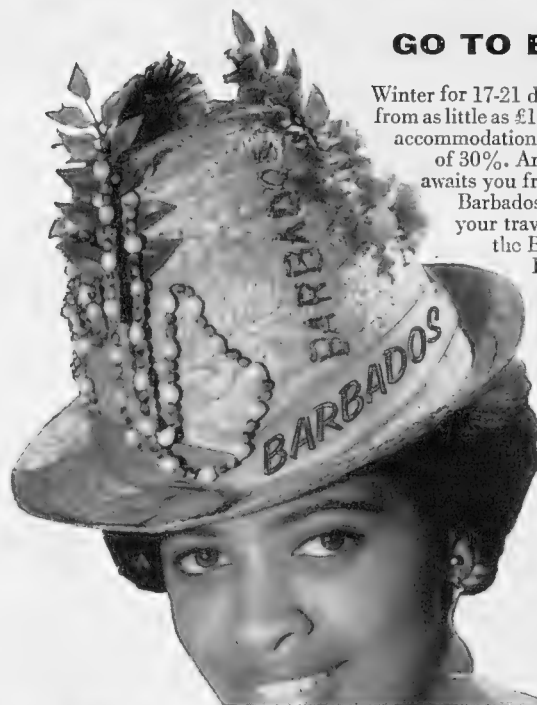
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# MOTORING

## HOW WOLSELEY BEAT THE JINX

The massive merger that brought the British Motor Corporation into existence and reduced this country's "Big Six" manufacturers to five must have sounded like the death knell to several famous marques, including one to which such threats were no stranger—Wolseley. Its original sponsor was F. Y. Wolseley, who in 1887 founded a firm in Sydney to exploit patents he had taken out in Australia for sheep-shearing machines. A couple of years later the company headquarters was moved to England and orders were placed with engineering firms to make various component parts. One of these firms was managed by a young man named Herbert Austin, a Buckinghamshire farmer's son who had spent some of his boyhood days on a sheep farm in Australia. He also had an engineering bent and suggested certain mechanical improvements to Wolseley's machinery. In 1894, however, the firm had got into serious difficulties with its shearers and so the works—now at Alma Street, Birmingham—turned to other fields, notably bicycles, which were then booming.

Soon Austin was imbued with the idea of power propulsion, and he went over to Paris the following year to take a peek at the Continental horseless carriages and on his return actually built a three-wheeler. The patent situation was at the time so "chancy" that he did nothing with it but went on experimenting in secret, until the atmosphere cleared a year or two later and the first Wolseley four-wheeler, described as a voiturette, was exhibited at a Midland show in January, 1900. Herbert Austin drove this through the great Thousand Miles Trial of that year, and did well by covering the course at the legal speed limit of 12 m.p.h. As a result, Sir Hiram Maxim, of machine-gun fame, who was then part of the Vickers firm, arranged with the sheep-shearing concern to form a new company to retain the Wolseley name but to concentrate on motor cars, and this was registered in 1901 with Herbert Austin as manager. Five and 10 h.p. cars were manufactured, but without financial success, and in 1905 Austin handed in his resignation.

Vickers now approached J. D. Siddeley of the autocar company bearing his name to take over Wolseley, but even so no profits came from the amalgamation and in 1909 Siddeley resigned. New models brought some prosperity and during the first World War the works, now at Adderley Park, Birmingham, turned out a great array of munitions, including aircraft engines. When the war ended, however, after the first boom came the depression and by 1926 the Wolseley company was in the hands of receivers; a winding-up order was made and the firm declared bankrupt with liabilities exceeding £2 million. Of course, the company in its heyday had been conducted in lavish style, and many of us can remember the magnificent showrooms in Piccadilly, across the road from the Ritz, with their splendid red columns (which still figure in the banking hall that now occupies the site).

When the remains of the Wolseley firm came to be auctioned, an old customer who had in 1908 bought a 10 h.p. taxicab—by name W. R. Morris—was one of the contenders. Another was Herbert Austin, but after brisk bidding the hammer fell in favour of Mr. Morris at £730,000, and soon after "Wolseley Motors 1927 Ltd." came into being as his private property; he sold it in 1935 to Morris Motors. With energy and foresight he revolutionized the whole production, and in 1930 marketed the Wolseley Hornet, a comparatively small car on the lines of the then Morris Minor but fitted with a six-cylinder engine instead of the Minor's four. This was in the days before the practice of mounting engines on flexible pads, now almost universal, had come about, and six cylinders gave much smoother running, so the Hornet had a great following. Another feature it possessed was forward mounting of the engine, allowing greater space for the body on a chassis of given length; before this the front of the radiator had always been immediately over the centre line of the front axle. This innovation was to set a fashion which every other motorcar designer has followed.

Today's range of Wolseley models caters for a wide variety

of taste and purses. I have recently had the opportunity of trying all five of them, and they have reinforced my opinion that Wolseley occupies a special niche in the quality car market. First there is the Hornet, basically a Mini, with its "east-to-west" engine of one litre capacity developing 38 b.h.p., four-speed gearbox, large capacity and well finished body yet overall length of only 10 ft. 9 ins. This sells, including P.T., for £556. Next comes the 1500, which is perhaps best described as a luxurious small car with a good-sized engine.

As the name denotes, this is of 1½ litres capacity and develops 48 b.h.p. Overall length is 12 ft. 7½ ins. and price £665 (there is a "fleet" model at £641). The 16/60 has a much bigger body and a four-cylinder engine of 1622 c.c. developing 61 b.h.p. Overall length is 14 ft. 6½ ins. and price £837. Automatic transmission is £82 extra. Finally, the largest of the range is the 6/110, with six-cylinder engine of 3 litres developing 120 b.h.p. and costing £1,112, automatic transmission £60 extra and power assisted steering another £66.



*The Wolseley stable. Above: Six-cylinder luxury, the 6/110 3-litre, which seats five or six and can be had with powered steering. Middle: The 16/60, big-bodied medium saloon. Top: Mini version, carrying on the 30-year name and fame of the Hornet.*



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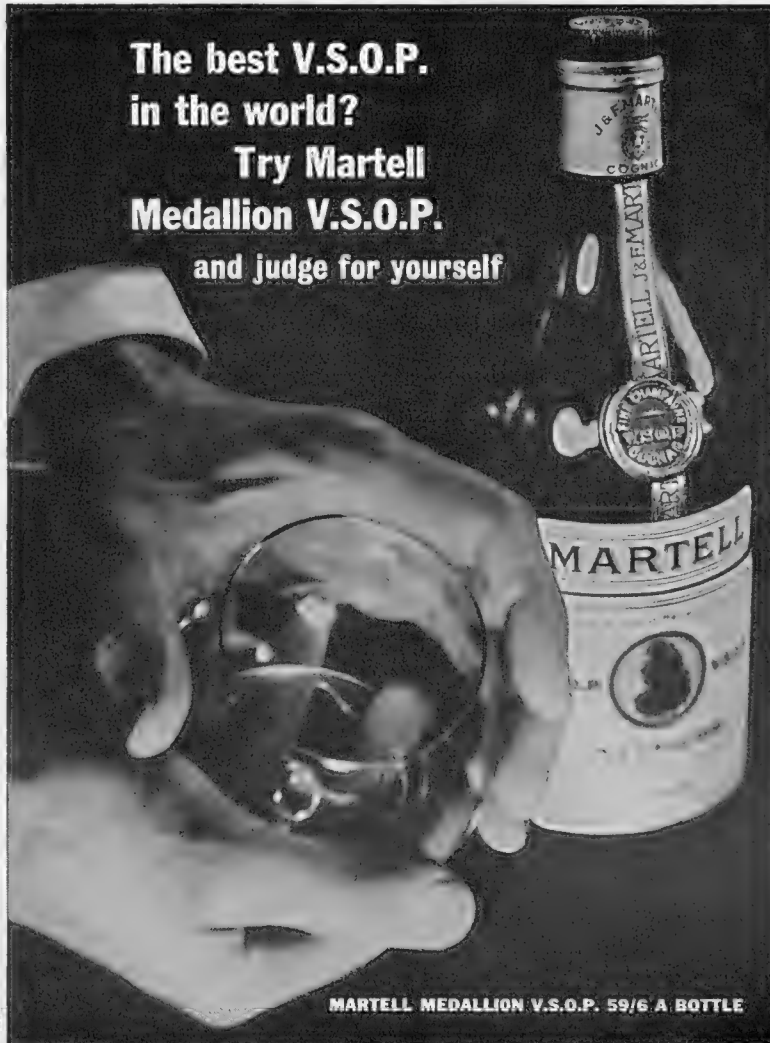


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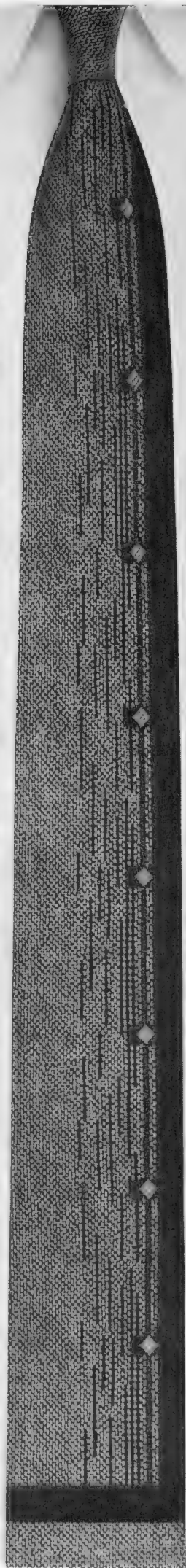
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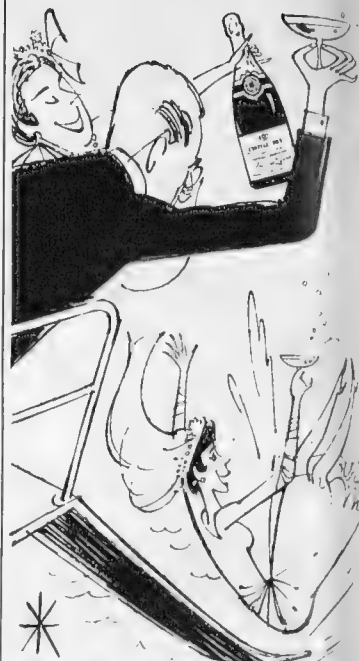
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# ROSE GROWING

## TIMELY RECOGNITION

I was in the House of Commons the day Parliament reopened and heard with much interest the item in the Queen's Speech foreshadowing legislation in the matter of plant protection—proposals which caused no uproar but which may in time bring about many improvements in the industry. The average rose grower who buys a few bushes each year and the occasional new introduction has little idea of the heavy capital expenditure involved in the creation of a new rose and its successful launching; to say nothing of the patience and skill required and the period which must elapse before raiser and introducer receive their reward.

Quite apart from all this the market is by no means a boundless one. In some directions—for example in the endless number of new red H.T.s—there might even be signs of reaching saturation point. The number of new introductions of all kinds means that the raisers can each expect a

smaller share of sales unless, of course, more people can be persuaded to buy more roses, and there must be a limit to this. All of which means that hybridizing is a chancy business, financially considered. If a new variety attracts an American Rose award and becomes popular in the United States, then prospects are bright, but the whole thing remains a speculation. Hitherto English raisers have been at a disadvantage over foreign competitors, whose introductions are covered by various patents, enabling them to be sold under licence and on a royalty basis. Such arrangements give the hybridist a few years in which to exploit his novelty, thereby ensuring a return on his skill and capital before the plants are virtually everyone's property.

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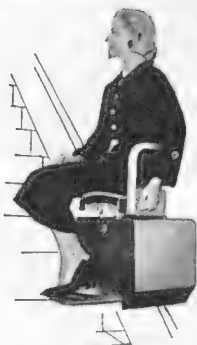
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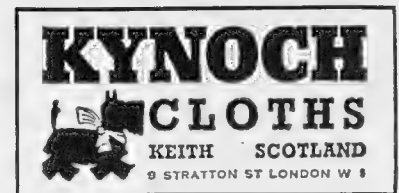
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# Engagements and Weddings

**1 Holland—West:** Rosemary, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. R. A. Holland, of Chepyng House, Arundel, Sussex, was married to Flying Officer Barry West, son of Mr. W. P. West, of Guildford, and of Mrs. G. E. Brown, of Solihull, at Arundel parish church

**2 Freeman—Murray:** Susan Mary, daughter of Col. & Mrs. F. L. Freeman, of Fleet, Hants, was married to Commander John Avens Murray, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., son of the late Rear Admiral H. P. W. G. Murray, and the late Mrs. Murray, of Denmead, Hants, at St. James's, Piccadilly

**3 Evill—Meredith:** Marion Felcie, eldest daughter of Brig. & Mrs. T. H. Evill, of Brynderwen, Chepstow, Mon, was married to Captain Michael Leigh Chase Meredith, only son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Meredith, of Fieldridge, Shelford Woodlands, Newbury, at Chepstow parish church

**4 Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker to Mr. Julian Pope:** She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. A. C. Stocker, of Sloane Avenue Mansions, S.W.3, and of Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin, of Springfield Road, N.W.8. He is the son of Major & Mrs. J. E. B. Pope, of Upton Grove, Tetbury, Glos

**5 Miss Angela Jenkins to Mr. Keith Davies:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. D. Fraser Jenkins, of Newcastle House, Bridgend, Glam. He is the only son of Mr. W. Matabele Davies, Q.C., and Mrs. Davies, of The Long House, Llsbane, Glam

**6 Miss Angela Bradley to Mr. Benjamin Rea:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Bradley, of Chiltern Rise Cottage, Woodcote, Oxon. He is the son of the Hon. F. R. Rea, of Upper Berkeley Street, W.1, and of Mrs. R. MacColl, of Clock Lodge, Crowborough, Sussex





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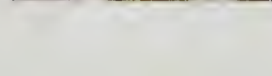
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# Explore the roads of Britain with Shell



## BERKSHIRE RIDGEWAY and ICKNIELD WAY

*Painted by David Gentleman*



The Berkshire Ridgeway is one of the most ancient of roads—a 'green road' nowadays—a downland loop, over the dry chalk heights of Berkshire and North Wiltshire, of the longer Icknield Way, which runs up from Salisbury Plain past Stonehenge and over the Chilterns towards the Wash. When the Fens were dry, it probably went on to Lincolnshire and eastern Yorkshire. How old are Ridgeway and Icknield Way? 4,000, or perhaps nearer 5,000 years: they were used in times before history by pedlars who brought down axes and adzes and knives from the neolithic flint mines at Grime's Graves in Norfolk [where the miners worked with picks of red-deer horn (1)] and ornaments of Whitby jet from Yorkshire.

In this section (easily reached from B 4507, between Wantage and Swindon), the Ridgeway passes Wayland Smith's Cave (2), in the left-hand clump of trees, a neolithic tomb of sarsen stones about as old as the road itself. A thousand and more years ago, our English ancestors gave this tomb its name, believing it had been the workshop in which the legendary smith Weland made his magic swords and armour. Down below are the Vale of White Horse, and (out of sight) the Uffington White Horse (3) itself, cut into the chalky slope. To the right are the ditch and bank of Uffington Castle. Horse and Castle are much younger than the road or the 'smithy.' The Castle, an Iron Age hill fort, was built in the 2nd century B.C.; the strange horse was cut on the hillside not long before the Romans came, perhaps because a white horse was the emblem of the British tribe hereabouts.

*The complete series of the Shell guides to the Roads of Britain will be published in book form by Ebury Press in May 1964, and may be ordered from any bookseller at 10/6 net.*

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